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Shakes...

²⁷⁷²
H A M L E T

By William Shake-speare,

1603 ;

H A M L E T

By William Shakespere,

1604 :

Being exact Reprints of the First and Second Editions of Shakespeare's great Drama, from the very rare Originals in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire; with the two texts printed on opposite pages, and so arranged that the parallel passages face each other. And a Bibliographical Preface by SAMUEL TIMMINS.

“ Looke heere vpon this Piçture, and on this.”

L O N D O N :

SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND CO., 47, LUDGATE HILL.

M,DCCC,LX.

Printed by *Josiah Allen, jun.*, Birmingham.



TO HIS GRACE
THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G.,

F.R.S., D.C.L., &c., &c.,

THIS VOLUME

IS, BY PERMISSION,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS OBLIGED AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

JOSIAH ALLEN, jun.

January, 1860.

NOTE TO THE READER.—*The Printer begs to state, for the information and satisfaction of the reader, that the most scrupulous care has been exercised in the production of this volume; that the old-fashioned and mis-spellings, printers' blunders (which might, perhaps, be wrongly attributed to the present edition), the punctuation, &c., of the Originals have been minutely copied throughout; and that marginal references are given to the parallel passages where the quarto texts are so transposed that they could not be printed face to face.*

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE.

ERRATA.

Page 51 I, line 12—*for* “not,” *read* “nor.”

Page 66 I—*omit* first three lines ; given on previous page.

Page II 18, line 23—*for* “than,” *read* “then.”

Page II 30, line 2—*for* “aught,” *read* “ought.”

In the references, page 39 I—*for* “II 37,” *read* “II 36;”
and page II 43—*for* “33 I,” *read* “34 I.”

wonderful tragedy is exceedingly obscure. SHAKESPEARE, unlike BEN JONSON, took no trouble about his marvellous dramas; and it was not till seven years after his death that the collected edition of his works appeared. HEMINGE and CONDELL, the editors of this folio of 1623, caution their “great variety of readers” against “diuers stol’n and surreptitious copies” previously published, and profess to have printed their edition from “papers” in which they “scarce received from him a blot.” The folio, however, is carelessly edited and badly printed, and we are indebted to some of these “stol’n and surreptitious copies” for some noble passages which would otherwise have been irrecoverably lost. Among these early quartos, most of which are very scarce, the first edition of *Hamlet* was till recently unique. It bore the date of 1603, and became the property of the late Duke of DEVONSHIRE in 1825, along with twelve other scarce old plays. The volume, which formerly

belonged to Sir THOMAS HANMER, was bought by PAYNE and Foss for 180*l.*, sold to the Duke for 250*l.*, and is now estimated to be worth 400*l.* A reprint of the *Hamlet*, very carefully and accurately made, was published in 1825, but without the last leaf, which was deficient in the original, and this leaf was not supplied till 1856, when a second copy of the play was discovered by Mr. M. W. ROONEY of Dublin. This copy, which had the last leaf perfect, but wanted the title page, was bought by Mr. ROONEY from a student of Trinity College, Dublin, who had brought it from Nottinghamshire with his other books. After reprinting the last leaf, Mr. ROONEY sold the pamphlet to Mr. BOONE for 70*l.*, from whom Mr. J. O. HALLIWELL bought it for 120*l.*, and it is now deposited in the British Museum.

Critics, of course, differ very widely as to the real date and history of this famous quarto. Mr. PAYNE COLLIER thinks it was probably printed from short-hand notes, revised by an inferior dramatist: others consider that it is, as far as it goes, a correct copy of the first version of the famous play: while nearly all agree that the date upon the title page gives no clue to the real date when the play was first written and performed. The contemporary literature affords four passages showing that a play called *Hamlet* was known before 1598, but no trace is found of any other *Hamlet* than that which bears SHAKESPEARE's name; and it is therefore a reasonable assumption that this drama, bearing the date 1603, may have been a recognised work of SHAKESPEARE, publicly performed several years before that date, and "surreptitiously" printed in that year. This would allow the further inference that the subject was a favourite one with SHAKESPEARE, and that about the beginning of the seventeenth century he revised his early drama, and "enlarged it to almost as much againe as it was." As the evidence is so very scanty, and the limits of this preface will not permit a discussion of probabilities, I must refer the reader to the remarks of Mr. COLLIER, Mr. KNIGHT, Mr. DYCE, and Mr. STAUNTON, and to an article in the *Edinburgh Review* (lxxxix, 377—384), in which the question is fairly and fully discussed, and record my own conviction that both the texts now republished are most valuable, the first as

a "rough-hewn" draft of a noble drama (written probably 1587-1589, "diverse times acted by His Highnesse servants" till 1602, when it was "entered" for publication, and soon afterwards "enlarged"), and "shaped," as it appears in the second quarto, by the divine bard's maturer mind.

The 1604 quarto is also scarce, only three copies being known. One belongs to the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, another to Lord HOWE, and the other to Mr. HUTH, junior, of London. The history of the Devonshire copy is not publicly known, that of Lord HOWE formerly belonged to CHARLES JENNENS, Esq., and Mr. HUTH's copy was discovered by Mr. HOWARD STAUNTON in the library of Mr. PLUMER of Selkirk, and for which, with a folio of 1623, and 1632, Mr. HUTH paid 200*l.*, leaving about 165*l.* as the cost of the quarto *Hamlet*. All these copies are perfect and extremely valuable, not only as giving the text "enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie," but as containing many passages of extreme beauty not found in the earlier quarto. A glance at the pages of this reprint will show how large are the additions, and how singularly interesting is the collation of the two texts. Whatever theory may be adopted as to their origin or date, their rarity is remarkable and their literary value great, since (in the words of Mons. F. V. HUGO, who has recently translated both versions into French) they afford us a "comparaison infiniment curieuse, en ce qu'elle nous permet de pénétrer jusqu'au fond la pensée du poëte, et de surprendre les secrets du génie en travail."

The extreme rarity and value of these two quartos has kept them almost out of the reach of the great world of SHAKESPEARE-scholars; but the late Duke of DEVONSHIRE liberally ordered fac-similes to be made, and forty copies were issued under the superintendence of Mr. PAYNE COLLIER, and presented to various public libraries and eminent literary men. Even these, however, are too scarce to reach the great mass of readers; and the present volume (in which the pages on the *right* hand side are exact copies of the *Second Quarto*, page for page) is offered to the literary world as a careful and accurate reprint of the two scarce and valuable original

editions; the *First Quarto* (occupying the *left* hand side) being so spaced out that the passages which are parallel face those of the second edition, and thus the development of the characters, and the changes of the text may be readily examined and compared.

Any attempt to consider the merits and beauties of the great drama, or the critical value of these two editions, would be beyond the purpose and limits of this preface; and I therefore propose to give only the bibliography of *Hamlet*, with a few brief notes. The task is difficult, and will necessarily be imperfect; for it has been found impossible to include in the text all references to *Hamlet*, except where the drama forms the special or a very prominent subject of the book, or where, as in the list of German commentaries, the references are not generally known. The list has been compiled with great care from WILSON's and from HALLIWELL's *Shakespeareana*, from Herr KARL ELZE's *Hamlet*, from a MS. of my friend, Dr. INGLEBY, and from my own collection and notes. Its objects are to show the greatness of the drama by the books it has brought forth, and to form, as far as practicable, an index of the works (excluding only three German and two English Travesties, and Pictorial Illustrations) which have appeared on the literary, dramatic, and personal history of this great drama. The folio editions (1623, 1632, 1664, 1685) are not mentioned in the list, nor the editions of the complete works, in which, of course, the tragedy is contained.

To Mr. J. ALLEN, jun., of Birmingham, the printer of this volume, the literary world is largely indebted for the admirable style in which it is produced; and having carefully examined every page, I have much pleasure in stating that it is a complete and faithful reproduction of the original works.

SAM^L. TIMMINS.

Edgbaston, January, 1860.

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—o—

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As it hath beene diuerse times acted by his Highnesse seruants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Vniuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where. At London, printed for N. L. [Nicholas Ling] and Iohn Trundell. 1603.

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Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. At London, Printed by I. R. [? James Roberts] for N. L. [Nicholas Ling] and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet. 1604.

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London, 1726.

[This, although the title does not say so, is entirely devoted to the play of *Hamlet*.]

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[These are necessarily so numerous that a complete list can scarcely be hoped for; and as much valuable material is buried in old volumes of literary journals, the compiler of this list will be glad to have the omissions supplied.]

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<i>Hamlet</i> (Garden at Elsinore)	xiv, 171
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" (Le Tourneur's translation)	li, 230
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" (Authorities of Saxo Grammaticus)	lxxxii, 287
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QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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" (Causes of unfitness for French stage)	xvii, 449
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" (Character of)	li, 183-184
" (History of Saxo Grammaticus)	li, 461-462

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<i>Hamlet</i> (Letters on)	ii, 504
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" (French version)	xi, 449
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 [? Title and date.]
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T H E
Tragicall Historie of
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmarke

By William Shake-speare.

As it hath beene diuerſe times acted by his Highneſſe ſer-
uants in the Cittie of London : as alſo in the two V-
niuerſities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elſe-where



At London printed for N:L. and Iohn Trundell.
1603.

T H E
Tragicall Historie of
H A M L E T,
Prince of Denmarke.

By William Shakespeare.

Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much
again as it was, according to the true and perfect
Coppie.



AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his
shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in
Fleetsstreet. 1604.



The Tragicall Historie of
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter two Centinels.

1. S^Tand : who is that ?
2. S^Tis I.

1. O you come most carefully vpon your watch,

2. And if you meete *Marcellus* and *Horatio*,
The partners of my watch, bid them make haste.
1. I will : See who goes there.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And leegemen to the Dane,

O farewell honest souldier, who hath releued you?

1. *Barnardo* hath my place, giue you good night.

Mar.



The Tragedie of
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Bar. **VV** Hefe there ?

Fran. Nay answere me. Stand and vnfolde your selfe.

Bar. Long liue the King,

Fran. *Barnardo.*

Bar. Hee.

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre,

Bar. Tis now strooke twelfe, get thee to bed *Francisco*,

Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at hart.

Bar. Haue you had quiet guard ?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Bar. Well, good night :

If you doe meete *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,

The riuals of my watch, bid them make haft.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there ?

Hora. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leedgemen to the Dane,

Fran. Giue you good night.

Mar. O, farwell honest souldiers, who hath relieu'd you ?

Fran. *Barnardo* hath my place ; giue you good night. *Exit Fran.*

B.

Mar.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Mar. Holla, *Barnardo*.

2. Say, is *Horatio* there ?

Hor. A peece of him.

2. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What hath this thing appear'd againe to night.

2. I haue seen nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* sayes tis but our fantasie,
And wil not let beliefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded fight twice seene by vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him a long with vs
To watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approoue our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tut, t'will not appeare.

2. Sit downe I pray, and let vs once againe
Affaile your eares that are so fortified,
What we haue two nights seene.

Hor. Wel, sit we downe, and let vs heare *Bernardo* speake
of this.

2. Last night of al, when yonder starre that's west-
ward from the pole, had made his course to
Illumine that part of heauen. Where now it burnes,
The bell then towling one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Breake off your talke, see where it comes againe.

2. In the same figure like the King that's dead,

Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio*.

2. Lookes it not like the king ?

Hor. Most like, it horrors mee with feare and wonder.

2. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou that thus vsurps the state, in
Which the Maiestie of buried *Denmarke* did sometimes
Walke ? By heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended. *exit Ghost.*

2. See, it stalkes away.

Hor.

Prince of Denmarke.

Mar. Holla, *Barnardo*.

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there ?

Hora. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*,

Hora. What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night ?

Bar. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* saies tis but our fantasie,
And will not let beliefe take holde of him,
Touching this dreaded fight twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
That if againe this apparifion come,
He may approoue our eyes and speake to it.

Hora. Tush, tush, twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a while,

And let vs once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we haue two nights seene.

Hora. Well, sit we downe,

And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

Bar. Last night of all,

When yond same starre thats weastward from the pole,
Had made his course t'illume that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe
The bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.

Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio*.

Bar. Lookes a not like the King ? marke it *Horatio*.

Hora. Most like, it horrorwes me with feare and wonder.

Bar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speake to it *Horatio*.

Hora. What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Maiestie of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march, by heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See it staukes away.

Hora.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Hor. Stay , speake , speake , by heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. Tis gone and makes no answer.

2. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this something more than fantasie ?
What thinke you on't ?

Hor. Afore my God, I might not this beleeeue , without
the sensible and true auouch of my owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King ?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the very armor he had on,
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated.
So frownd he once, when in angry parle
He smot the fleaded pollax on the yce,
Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead hower,
With Marshall stalke he passed through our watch.

Hor. In what particular to worke, I know not,
But in the thought and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to the state.

Mar. Good, now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes
Why this same strikt and most obseruant watch,
So nightly toyles the subiect of the land,
And why such dayly cost of brazen Cannon
And forraine marte, for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose fore taske
Does not diuide the sunday from the weeke :
What might be toward that this sweaty march
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who is't that can informe me ?

Hor. Mary that can I, at least the whisper goes so,
Our late King, who as you know was by Forten-
Brasse of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulous cause, dared to
The combate, in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
For so this side of our knowne world esteemed him,
Did flay this Fortenbrasse,
Who by a seale compact well ratified, by law
And heraldrie, did forfeit with his life all those

His

Prince of Denmarke.

Hora. Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee, speake. *Exit Ghost.*

Mar. Tis gone and will not answere.

Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this fomthing more then phantasie?
What thinke you-ont?

Hora. Before my God I might not this belieue,
Without the fencible and true auouch
Of mine owne eies.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hora. As thou art to thy selfe.

Such was the very Armor he had on,
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated,
So frownd he once, when in angry parle
He smot the fleaded pollax on the ice.
Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead houre,
With martiall stauke hath he gone by our watch.

Hora. In what perticular thought, to worke I know not,
But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes,
Why this fame strikt and most obseruant watch
So nightly toiles the subiect of the land,
And with such dayly cost of brazon Cannon
And forraine marte, for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose fore taske
Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward that this sweaty haft
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who ist that can informe mee?

Hora. That can I.

At least the whiſper goes so; our last King,
Whose image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was as you knowe by *Fortinbrasse* of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteemd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbrasse*, who by a feald compact
Well ratified by lawe and heraldy

The Tragedie of Hamlet

His lands which he floode seized of by the conqueror,
 Against the which a moity competent,
 Was gaged by our King :

Now fir, yong Fortenbrasse,
 Of inapproued mettle hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there,
 Sharkt vp a fight of lawlesse Resolutes
 For food and diet to some enterprife,
 That hath a stomacke in't : and this (I take it) is the
 Chiefe head and ground of this our watch.

Enter the Ghost.

But

Prince of Denmarke.

Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands
 Which he stood feaz'd of, to the conquerour.
 Against the which a moitie competent
 Was gaged by our King, which had returne
 To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,
 Had he bin vanquisher ; as by the same comart,
 And carriage of the article desleigne,
 His fell to Hamlet ; now Sir, young *Fortinbrasse*
 Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of *Norway* heere and there
 Sharkt vp a list of lawelesse resolute
 For foode and diet to some enterprife
 That hath a stomacke in't, which is no other
 As it doth well appeare vnto our state
 But to recouer of vs by strong hand
 And tearmes compulsory, those foresaid lands
 So by his father lost ; and this I take it,
 Is the maine motiue of our preparations
 The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head
 Of this post hast and Romadge in the land.

Bar. I thinke it be no other, but enso ;
 Well may it fort that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch so like the King
 That was and is the question of these warres.

Hora. A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye :
 In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest *Iulius* fell
 The graues stood tennatlesse, and the sheeted dead
 Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets
 As starres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
 Disasters in the sunne ; and the moist starre,
 Vpon whose influence *Neptunes* Empier stands,
 Was sicke almost to doomesday with eclipse.
 And euen the like precurse of feare euent
 As harbindgers preceeding still the fates
 And prologue to the *Omen* comming on
 Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated
 Vnto our Climatures and countrymen.

Enter Ghost.

But

The Tragedie of Hamlet

But loe, behold, see where it comes againe,
 Ile crosse it, though it blast me : stay illusion,
 If there be any good thing to be done,
 That may doe ease to thee, and grace to mee,
 Speake to mee.
 If thou art priuy to thy countries fate,
 Which happily foreknowing may preuent, O speake to me,
 Or if thou hast extorted in thy life,
 Or hoorded treasure in the wombe of earth,
 For which they say you Spirites oft walke in death, speake
 to me, stay and speake, speake, stoppe it *Marcellus*.

2. Tis heere.

exit Ghost.

Hor. Tis heere.

Marc. Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being so maiestical,
 to offer it the shew of violence,
 For it is as the ayre inuolmorable,
 And our vaine blowes malitious mockery.

2. It was about to speake when the Cocke crew.

Hor. And then it faded like a guilty thing,
 Vpon a fearefull summons : I haue heard
 The Cocke, that is the trumpet to the morning,
 Doth with his earely and shrill crowing throate,
 Awake the god of day, and at his sound,
 Whether in earth or ayre, in sea or fire,
 The strauagant and erring spirite hies
 To his confines, and of the trueth heereof
 This present obiekt made probation.

Marc. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke,
 Some say, that euer gainst that season comes,
 Wherein our Sauours birth is celebrated,
 The bird of dawning fingeth all night long,
 And then they say, no spirite dare walke abroade,
 The nights are wholefome, then no planet frikes,
 No Fairie takes, nor Witch hath powre to charme,

So

Prince of Denmarke.

But soft, behold, loe where it comes againe
 Ile crosse it though it blast mee : stay illusion,
 If thou hast any sound or vse of voyce,
 Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
 That may to thee doe ease, and grace to mee,
 Speake to me.

*It spreads
 his armes.*

If thou art priuie to thy countries fate
 Which happily foreknowing may auoyd
 O speake :
 Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life
 Extorted treafure in the wombe of earth
 For which they say your spirits oft walke in death.
 Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it *Marcellus*.

*The cocke
 crows.*

Mar. Shall I strike it with my partizan?

Hor. Doe if it will not stand.

Bar. Tis heere.

Hor. Tis heere.

Mar. Tis gone.

We doe it wrong being so Maiefticall
 To offer it the shoue of violence,
 For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
 And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

Bar. It was about to speake when the cock crewe,

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
 Vpon a fearefull summons ; I haue heard,
 The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne,
 Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat
 Awake the God of day, and at his warning
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre
 Th' extrauagant and erring spirit hies
 To his confine, and of the truth heerein
 This present obiekt made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
 Some say that euer gainst that season comes
 Wherein our Sauours birth is celebrated
 This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
 And then they say no spirit dare sturre abraode
 The nights are wholsome, then no plannets strike,
 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme

The Tragedie of Hamlet

So gracious, and so hallowed is that time.

Hor. So haue I heard, and doe in parte beleeeue it:
But see the Sunne in ruslet mantle clad,
Walkes ore the deaw of yon hie mountaine top,
Breake we our watch vp, and by my aduise,
Let vs impart what wee haue seene to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet*: for vpon my life
This Spirite dumbe to vs will speake to him:
Do you consent, wee shall acquaint him with it,
As needefull in our loue, fitting our duetie?

Marc. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know,
Where we shall finde him most conueniently.

*Enter King, Queene, Hamlet, Leartes, Corambis,
and the two Ambassadors, with Attendants.*

King

Prince of Denmarke.

So hallowed, and so gracious is that time.

Hora. So haue I heard and doe in part belieue it,
But looke the morne in ruffet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eastward hill
Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
Vnto young *Hamlet*, for vpon my life
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him :
Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues, fitting our duty.

Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe
Where we shall find him most conuenient. *Exeunt.*

Florish. *Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertradt he Queene,
Counsaile : as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes,
Hamlet, Cum Alys.*

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death
The memorie be greene, and that it vs befitted
To bare our harts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrowe thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our selues :
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queene
Th'imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike state
Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auspitious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in marriage,
In equall scale waighing delight and dole
Taken to wife : nor haue we heerein bard
Your better wisdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thanks)
Now followes that you knowe young *Fortinbrasse*,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our state to be disioint, and out of frame
Coleagued with this dreame of his aduantage
He hath not faild to pestur vs with message

Importing

The Tragedie of Hamlet

King Lordes, we here haue writ to *Fortenbrasse*,
Nephew to olde *Norway*, who impudent
And bed-rid, scarcely heares of this his
Nephews purpose : and Wee heere dispatch

Yong good *Cornelia* , and you *Voltemar*
For bearers of these greetings to olde
Norway, giuing to you no further personall power
To businesse with the King,
Then those related articles do shew :
Farewell, and let your hafte commend your dutie.

Gent. In this and all things will wee shew our dutie.

King. Wee doubt nothing, hartily farewell:
And now *Leartes* what's the newes with you?
You said you had a sute what i't *Leartes*?

Lea : My gracious Lord, your fauorable licence,
Now that the funerall rites are all performed,
I may haue leaue to go againe to *France*,
For though the fauour of your grace might stay mee,
Yet something is there whispers in my hart,
Which makes my minde and spirits bend all for *France*.

King Haue you your fathers leaue, *Leartes*?

Cor. He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced graunt,

And

Prince of Denmarke

Importing the surrender of those lands
 Loft by his father, with all bands of lawe
 To our most valiant brother, so much for him :
 Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
 Thus much the busines is, we haue heere writ
 To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fortenbrasse*
 Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
 Of this his Nephewes purpose ; to suppress
 His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,
 The lists, and full proportions are all made
 Out of his subiect, and we heere dispatch
 You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
 For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
 Giuing to you no further personall power
 To busines with the King, more then the scope
 Of these delated articles allowe :

Forwell, and let your haft commend your dutie.

Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we shoue our dutie.

King. We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.
 And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you ?
 You told vs of some sute, what ist *Laertes* ?
 You cannot speake of reason to the Dane
 And lose your voyce ; what wold'st thou begge *Laertes* ?
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking,
 The head is not more natiue to the hart
 The hand more instrumentall to the mouth
 Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,
 What would'st thou haue *Laertes* ?

Laer. My dread Lord,
 Your leaue and fauour to returne to Fraunce,
 From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke,
 To shoue my dutie in your Coronation ;
 Yet now I must confesse, that duty done
 My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward Fraunce
 And bowe them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what saies *Polonius* ?

Polo. Hath my Lord wrong from me my slowe leaue
 By labourfome petition, and at last
 Vpon his will I seald my hard consent,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

And I beseech you grant your Highnesse leaue.

King With all our heart, *Leartes* fare thee well.

Lear. I in all loue and dutie take my leaue.

King. And now princely Sonne *Hamlet*, *Exit.*
What meanes these sad and melancholy moodes?

For your intent going to *Wittenberg*,

Wee hold it most vnmeet and vnconuenient,

Being the Ioy and halfe heart of your mother.

Therefore let mee intreat you stay in Court,

All *Denmarkes* hope our coofin and dearest Sonne.

Ham. My lord, ti's not the fable fute I weare:
No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes,
Nor the distracted hauiour in the visage,
Nor all together mixt with outward semblance,
Is equall to the sorrow of my heart,
Him haue I lost I must of force forgoe,
These but the ornaments and futes of woe.

King This shewes a louing care in you, Sonne *Hamlet*,
But you must thinke your father lost a father,
That father dead, lost his, and so shalbe vntill the
Generall ending. Therefore cease laments,
It is a fault gainst heauen, fault gainst the dead,
A fault gainst nature, and in reasons
Common course most certaine,
None liues on earth, but hee is borne to die.

Que.

Prince of Denmarke.

I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine
And thy best graces spend it at thy will :

But now my Cofin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kind.

King. How is it that the clowdes still hang on you.

Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.

Queene. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,
Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids
Seeke for thy noble Father in the dust,
Thou know'st tis common all that liues must die,
Passing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Maddam, it is common.

Quee. If it be

VVhy seemes it so perticuler with thee.

Ham. Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,
Tis not alone my incky cloake could mother
Nor customary suites of solembe blacke
Nor windie suspiration of forst breath
No, nor the fruitfull riuier in the eye,
Nor the deiected hauior of the visage
Together with all formes, moods, chapes of grieve
That can deuote me truely, these indeede seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play
But I haue that within which passes shoue
These but the trappings and the suites of woe.

King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To giue these mourning duties to your father
But you must knowe your father lost a father,
That father lost, lost his, and the suruiuer bound
In filliall obligation for some tearme
To doe obsequious sorrowe, but to perseuer
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornnes, tis vnmanly grieve,
It shoues a will most incorrect to heauen
Ahart vnfortified, or minde impatient
An vnderstanding simple and vn schoold
For what we knowe must be, and is as common

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Que. Let not thy mother loose her praiers *Hamlet*,
Stay here with vs, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you madam.

King Spoke like a kinde and a most louing Sonne,

And there's no health the King shall drinke to day,
But the great Canon to the clowdes shall tell
The rowse the King shall drinke vnto Prince *Hamlet*.

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too much grieu'd and fallied flesh
Would melt to nothing, or that the vniuersall
Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos!

Prince of Denmarke.

As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
 Why should we in our peuith opposition
 Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurde, whose common theame
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed
 From the first course, till he that died to day
 This must be so : we pray you throw to earth
 This vnpreuailing woe, and think of vs
 As of a father, for let the world take note
 You are the most imediate to our throne,
 And with no lesse nobilitie of loue
 Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,
 Doe I impart toward you for your intent
 In going back to schoole in *Wittenberg*,
 It is most retrogard to our desire,
 And we beseech you bend you to remaine
 Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefeest courtier, cosin, and our sonne.

Quee. Let not thy mother loofe her prayers *Hamlet*,
 I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you Madam,

King. Why tis a louing and a faire reply,
 Be as our selfe in Denmarke, Madam come,
 This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
 Sits smiling to my hart, in grace whereof,
 No iocund health that Denmarke drinckes to day,
 But the great Cannon to the cloudes shall tell.
 And the Kings rowse the heauen shall brute againe,
 Respeaking earthly thunder ; come away. *Florisb.*

*Exeunt all,
 but Hamlet.*

Ham. O that this too too sallied flesh would melt,
 Thaw and resolue it selfe into a dewe,
 Or that the euerlasting had not fixt
 His cannon gainst seale slaughter, ô God, God,
 How wary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
 Seeme to me all the vses of this world ?
 Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden
 That growes to seede, things rancke and grosse in nature,
 Possesse it merely that it should come thus

C.

But

The Tragedie of Hamlet

O God within two moneths; no not two : married,
 Mine vnclie: O let me not thinke of it,
 My fathers brother: but no more like
 My father, then I to *Hercules*.
 Within two months, ere yet the salt of most
 Vnrightheous teares had left their flushing
 In her galled eyes: she married, O God, a beast
 Deuoyd of reason would not haue made
 Such speede: Frailtie, thy name is Woman,
 Why she would hang on him, as if increase
 Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.
 O wicked wicked speede, to make such
 Dexteritie to incestuous sheetes,
 Ere yet the shooes were olde,
 The which she followed my dead fathers corse
 Like *Nyobe*, all teares: married, well it is not,

Nor it cannot come to good:
 But breake my heart, for I must holde my tongue.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Health to your Lordship.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (Horatio) or I much
 forget my selfe.

Hor. The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.

Ham. O my good friend, I change that name with you:
 but what make you from *Wittenberg* Horatio?

Marcellus.

Marc. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, good euen firs:
 But what is your affaire in *Elsenoure*?

Weele teach you to drinke deepe ere you depart.

Hor. A trowant disposition, my good Lord.

Ham. Nor shall you make mee truster
 Of your owne report against your selfe:
 Sir, I know you are no trowant:
 But what is your affaire in *Elsenoure*?

Hora.

Prince of Denmarke.

But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,
 So excellent a King, that was to this
 Hiperion to a fatire, so louing to my mother,
 That he might not beteeme the winds of heauen
 Visite her face too roughly, heauen and earth
 Must I remember, why she should hang on him
 As if increase of appetite had growne
 By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
 Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman
 A little month or ere those shooes were old
 With which she followed my poore fathers bodie
 Like *Niobe* all teares, why she
 O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
 Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,
 My fathers brother, but no more like my father
 Then I to *Hercules*, within a month,
 Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous teares,
 Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes
 She married, ô most wicked speede; to post
 With such dexteritie to incestious sheets,
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
 But breake my hart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Hora. Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I do forget my selfe.

Hora. The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,
 And what make you from *Wittenberg* *Horatio*?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (good euen fir)
 But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?

Hora. A truant disposition good my Lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enimie say so,
 Nor shall you doe my eare that violence
 To make it truster of your owne report
 Against your selfe, I knowe you are no truant,
 But what is your affaire in *Elsonoure*?
 Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

Hora.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Hor. My good Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.

Ham. O I pre thee do not mocke mee fellow student,
I thinke it was to see my mothers wedding.

Hor. Indeede my Lord, it followed hard vpon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnishe forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my deereft foe in heauen
Ere euer I had seene that day *Horatio*;

O my father, my father, me thinks I see my father,

Hor. Where my Lord?

Ham. Why, in my mindes eye *Horatio*.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a gallant King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not looke vpon his like againe.

Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight,

Ham. Saw, who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your father.

Ham. Ha, ha, the King my father ke you.

Hor. Ceasen your admiration for a while
With an attentue eare, till I may deliuer,
Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen
This wonder to you.

Ham. For Gods loue let me heare it.

Hor. Two nights together had these Gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night.
Beene thus incountered by a figure like your father,
Armed to poynt, exactly *Capapea*
Appeeres before them thrise, he walkes
Before their weake and feare oppressed eies.
Within his tronchions length,
While they distilled almost to gelly.
With the act of feare stands dumbe,
And speake not to him: this to mee
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did.
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had deliuered forme of the thing.
Each part made true and good,
The Apparition comes: I knew your father,

These

Prince of Denmarke.

. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.
 . I pre thee doe not mocke me fellowe student,
 : it was to my mothers wedding.
 . Indeede my Lord it followed hard vppon.
 . Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates
 dly furnish forth the marriage tables,
 I had met my dearest foe in heauen
 r I had seene that day *Horatio*,
 ier, me thinkes I see my father.
 . Where my Lord?
 . In my mindes eye *Horatio*.
 . I saw him once, a was a goodly King,
 . A was a man take him for all in all
 not looke vppon his like againe.
 . My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.
 . saw, who?
 . My Lord the King your father.
 . The King my father?
 . Season your admiration for a while
 n attent care till I may deliuer
 the witnes of these gentlemen
 aruile to you.
 . For Gods loue let me heare?
 . Two nights together had these gentlemen
 us, and *Barnardo*, on their watch
 lead waft and middle of the night
 thus incountred, a figure like your father
 at poynt, exactly *Capapea*
 es before them, and with solemne march,
 owe and stately by them; thrice he walkt
 r opprest and feare surprised eyes
 his tronchions length, whil't they distil'd
 to gelly, with the act of feare
 umbe and speake not to him; this to me
 dfull secrecie impart they did,
 with them the third night kept the watch,
 as they had deliuered both in time
 of the thing, each word made true and good,
 pparision comes: I knewe your father,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

These handes are not more like.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do liue, my honord lord, tis true,
And wee did thinke it right done,
In our dutie to let you know it.

Ham. Where was this?

Mar. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watched.

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hor. My Lord we did, but answere made it none,
Yet once me thought it was about to speake,
And lifted vp his head to motion,
Like as he would speake, but euen then
The morning cocke crew lowd, and in all hafte,
It thruncke in hafte away, and vanished
Our sight.

Ham. Indeed, indeed sirs, but this troubles me:
Hold you the watch to night?

All We do my Lord.

Ham. Armed say ye?

All Armed my good Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My good Lord, from head to foote.

Ham. Why then saw you not his face?

Hor. O yes my Lord, he wore his beuer vp.

Ham. How look't he, frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, verie pal

Ham. And fixt his eies vpon you.

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hor. It would a much amazed you.

Ham. Yea very like, very like, staid it long?

Hor. While one with moderate pace
Might tell a hundred.

Mar. O longer, longer.

Ham. His beard was grifield, no.

Hor. It was as I haue seene it in his life,
A sable filuer.

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

[These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where we watch

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hora. My Lord I did,

but answere made it none, yet once me thought

it lifted vp it head, and did addresse

it selfe to motion like as it would speake :

but euen then the morning Cock crewe loude,

And at the sound it thrunk in haist away

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hora. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true

And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie

To let you knowe of it.

Ham. Indeede Sirs but this troubles me,

Told you the watch to night?

All. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to foote.

Ham. Then sawe you not his face.

Hora. O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.

Ham. What look't he frowningly?

Hora. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hora. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hora. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hora. It would haue much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, stayd it long?

Hora. While one with moderate haist might tell a hundreth.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hora. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grisl'd, no.

Hora. It was as I haue seene it in his life
A sable siluer'd.

Ham.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. I wil watch to night, perchance t'wil walke againe.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
 Ilespeake to it, if hell it selfe should gape,
 And bid me hold my peace, Gentlemen,
 If you haue hither consealed this sight,
 Let it be tenible in your silence still,
 And whatsoeuer else shall chance to night,
 Giue it an vnderstanding, but no tongue,
 I will requit your loues, so fare you well,
 Vpon the platforme, twixt eleuen and twelue,
 Ile visit you.

All. Our duties to your honor. *exeunt.*

Ham. O your loues, your loues, as mine to you,
 Farewell, my fathers spirit in Armes,
 Well, all's not well. I doubt some foule play,
 Would the night were come,
 Till then, sit still my soule, foule deeds will rise
 Though all the world orewhelme them to mens eies. *Exit.*

Enter Leartes and Ofelia.

Leart. My necessities are inbarkt, I must aboard,
 But ere I part, marke what I say to thee:
 I see Prince *Hamlet* makes a shew of loue
 Beware *Ofelia*, do not trust his vowes,
 Perhaps he loues you now, and now his tongue,
 Speakes from his heart, but yet take heed my sister,
 The Charieft maide is prodigall enough,
 If she vnmaske hir beautie to the Moone.
 Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious thoughts,
 Belieu't *Ofelia*, therefore keepe a loofe
 Left that he trip thy honor and thy fame.

Ofel.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. I will watch to nigh
Perchaunce twill walke againe.

Hora. I warn't it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers perfon,
He speake to it though hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hetherto conceald this fight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And what someuer els shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue.
I will requite your loues, so farre you well:
Vppon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelfe
He visfite you.

All. Our dutie to your honour. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Your loues, as mine to you, farwell.
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,
Till then sit still my soule, fonde deedes will rise
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes.

Exit.

Enter Laertes, and Opheliabhis Sister.

Laer. My necessaries are inbarckt, farwell,
And sifter, as the winds giue benefit
And conuay, in afsistant doe not sleepe
But let me heere from you.

Ophe. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a fashon, and a toy in blood
A Violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweete, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute
No more.

Ophe. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more.
For nature creffant does not growe alone
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes
The inward seruice of the minde and soule
Growes wide withall, perhapes he loues you now,
And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmirch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ofel. Brother, to this I haue lent attentiu eare,
And doubt not but to keepe my honour firme,
But my deere brother, do not you
Like to a cunning Sophifter,
Teach me the path and ready way to heauen,
While you forgetting what is said to me,
Your selfe, like to a carelesse libertine
Doth giue his heart, his appetite at ful,
And little reckes how that his honour dies.

Lear. No, feare it not my deere *Ofelia*,
Here comes my father, occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Enter Corambis.

Cor. Yet here *Leartes*? aboard, aboard, for shame,

The

Prince of Denmarke.

His greatnes wayd, his will is not his owne,
 He may not as vnualed persons doe,
 Carue for himselfe, for on his choise depends
 The safty and health of this whole state,
 And therefore must his choise be circumscrib'd
 Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body
 Whereof he is the head, then if he saies he loues you,
 It fits your wisdom so farre to belieue it
 As he in his particuler act and place
 May giue his saying deede, which is no further
 Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
 Then way what losse your honor may sustaine
 If with too credent eare you list his songs
 Or loose your hart, or your chaff treasure open
 To his vnmaistred importunity.
 Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare sister,
 And keepe you in the reare of your affection
 Out of the shot and danger of desire,
 "The chariest maide is prodigall inough
 If she vnmaske her butie to the Moone
 "Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes
 "The canker gaules the infants of the spring
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
 And in the morne and liquid dewe of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent,
 Be wary then, best safety lies in feare,
 Youth to it selfe rebels, though non els neare.

Ophe. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe
 As watchman to my hart, but good my brother
 Doe not as some vngracious pastors doe,
 Showe me the step and thorny way to heauen
 Whiles a puffed, and reckles libertine
 Himselfe the primrose path of dalliance treads.
 And reakes not his owne reed.

Enter Polonius.

Laer. O feare me not,
 I stay too long, but heere my father comes
 A double blessing, is a double grace,
 Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Pol. Yet heere *Laertes*? a bord, a bord for shame,

The

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The winde fits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staid for, there my blessing with thee
And these few precepts in thy memory.

“ Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar;
“ Those friends thou hast, and their adoptions tried,
“ Graple them to thee with a hoope of Steele,
“ But do not dull the palme with entertaine,
“ Of euery new vnflieg’d courage,
“ Beware of entrance into a quarrell; but being in,
“ Beare it that the opposed may beware of thee,

“ Costly thy apparrell, as thy purse can buy.
“ But not exprest in fashion,
“ For the apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they of *France* of the chiefe rancke and station
Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that:

“ This aboue all, to thy owne selfe be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any one,
Farewel, my blessing with thee.

Lear. I humbly take my leaue, farewell *Ofelia*,

And remember well what I haue said to you. *exit.*

Ofel. It is already lock’t within my hart,
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Cor. What i’t *Ofelia* he hath saide to you?

Ofel. Something touching the Prince *Hamlet*.

Cor. Mary wel thought on, t’is giuen me to vnderstand,
That you haue bin too prodigall of your maiden presence

Vnto

Prince of Denmarke.

The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile,
 And you are stayed for, there my blessing with thee,
 And these few precepts in thy memory
 Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
 Be thou familier, but by no meanes vulgar,
 Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple then vnto thy soule with hoopes of Steele,
 But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
 Of each new hatcht vnfladgd courage, beware
 Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
 Bear't that th'oppofed may beware of thee,
 Giue euery man thy eare, but fewe thy voyce,
 Take each mans censure, but referue thy iudgement,
 Costly thy habite as thy purse can by,
 But not exprest in fancy;rich not gaudy,
 For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man
 And they in Fraunce of the best ranck and station,
 Or of a most sele&t and generous, chiefe in that:
 Neither a borrower nor a lender boy
 For loue oft looses both it selfe and friend,
 And borrowing dulleth edge of husbandry;
 This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true
 And it must followe as the night the day
 Thou canst not then be false to any man:
 Farwell, my blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.

Pol. The time inuests you goe, your seruants tend.

Laer. Farwell *Ophelia*, and remember well
 What I haue sayd to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt
 And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farwell. *Exit Laertes.*

Pol. What ist *Ophelia* he hath sayd to you?

Ophe. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marry well bethought
 Tis tolde me he hath very oft of late
 Giuen priuate time to you, and you yourselfe
 Haue of your audience beene most free and bountious,

If

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Vnto Prince Hamlet, if it be so,
As so tis giuen to mee, and that in waie of caution
I must tell you; you do not vnderstand your selfe
So well as befits my honor, and your credite.

Ofel. My lord, he hath made many tenders of his loue
to me.

Cor. Tenders, I, I, tenders you may call them.

Ofel. And withall, such earnest vovves.

Cor. Springes to catch woodcocks,
What, do not I know when the blood doth burne,
How prodigall the tongue lends the heart vovves,
In brieft, be more scanter of your maiden presence,
Or tending thus you'l tender mee a foole.

Ofel. I shall obey my lord in all I may.

Cor. *Ophelia*, receiue none of his letters,
“ For louers lines are snares to intrap the heart;
“ Refuse his tokens, both of them are keyes
To vnlocke Chastitie vnto Desire;
Come in *Ophelia*, such men often proue,
“ Greate in their wordes, but little in their loue.

Prince of Denmarke.

If it be so, as so tis put on me,
 And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
 You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely
 As it behooues my daughter, and your honor,
 What is betweene you giue me vp the truth,

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
 Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle
 Vnsifted in such perrilous circumstance,

Doe you belieue his tenders as you call them ?

Ophe. I doe not knowe my Lord what I should thinke.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie
 That you haue tane these tenders for true pay
 Which are not sterling, tender your selfe more dearly
 Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phraze
 Wrong it thus) you'l tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
 In honorable fashon.

Pol. I, fashon you may call it, go to, go to.

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his speech
 My Lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.

Pol. I, springs to catch wood-cockes, I doe knowe
 When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule
 Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
 Giuing more light than heate, extinct in both
 Euen in their promise, as it is a making
 You must not take for fire, from this time
 Be something scanter of your maiden presence
 Set your intreatments at a higher rate
 Then a commaund to parle ;for Lord *Hamlet*,
 Belieue so much in him that he is young,
 And with a larger tider may he walke
 Then may be giuen you : in fewe *Ophelia*,
 Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
 Not of that die which their inuestments shoue
 But meere imploratotors of vnholly suites
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
 The better to beguide : this is for all,
 I would not in plaine tearmes from this time forth

Haue

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ofel. I will my lord. *exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites shrewd; it is an eager and
An nipping winde, what houre i't?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelue, *Sound Trumpets.*

Mar. No, t'is strucke.

Hor. Indeed I heard it not, what doth this mean my lord?

Ham. O the king doth wake to night, & takes his rowse,
Keepe wassel, and the swagging vp-spring reeles,
And as he dreames, his draughts of renish downe,
The kettle, drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out,
The triumphes of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custome here?

Ham. I mary i't and though I am
Natiue here, and to the maner borne,
It is a custome, more honourd in the breach,
Then in the obseruance.

Enter

Prince of Denmarke.

Haue you so slaunder any moment leasure
 As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*,
 Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.

Opbe. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites shroudly, it is very colde.

Hora. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.

Ham. What houre now?

Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelfe.

Mar. No, it is strooke.

Hora. Indeeде ; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season,
 Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke *A flourish of trumpets*
 What does this meane my Lord? *and 2. peeces goes of.*

Ham. The King doth wake to night and takes his rowse.
 Keepes wassell and the swagging vp-spring reeles :
 And as he draines his drafts of Rennish downe,
 The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out
 The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ift.

But to my minde, though I am natiue heere
 And to the manner borne, it is a custome
 More honourd in the breach, than the obseruance.
 This heauy headed reueale east and west
 Makes vs tradust, and taxed of other nations,
 They clip vs drunkards, and with Swinish phraze
 Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes
 From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
 The pith and marrow of our attribute,
 So oft it chaunces in particuler men,
 That for some vicious mole of nature in them
 As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
 (Since nature cannot choosē his origin)
 By their ore-grow'th of some complexion
 Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,
 Or by some habit, that too much ore-leauens
 The forme of plaufiue manners, that these men
 Carrying I say the stamp of one defect

D

Being

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter the Ghost.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Miniſters of grace defend vs,
Be thou a ſpirite of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heanen, or blaſts from hell:
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou commeſt in ſuch questionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeake to thee,
Ile call thee *Hamlet*, King, Father, Royall Dane,
O anſwere mee, let mee not burſt in ignorance,
But ſay why thy canonizd bones heard in death
Haue burſt their ceremonies: why thy Sepulcher,
In which wee ſaw thee quietly interr'd,
Hath burſt his ponderous and marble lawes,
To caſt thee vp againe: what may this meane,
That thou, dead corſe, againe in compleate ſteele,
Reuiſſets thus the glimſes of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature,
So horridely to ſhake our diſpoſition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſoules?
Say, ſpeake, wherefore, what may this meane?

Hor. It beckons you, as though it had ſomething
To impart to you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It waues you to a more remoued ground,
But do not goe with it.

Hor. No, by no meanes my Lord.

Ham. It will not ſpeake, then will I follow it.

Hor

Prince of Denmarke.

Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes starre,
 His vertues els be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may vndergoe,
 Shall in the generall censure take corruption
 From that particuler fault : the dram of eale
 Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
 To his owne scandle.

Enter Ghost.

Hora. Looke my Lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs :
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
 King, father, royall Dane, ô answere mee,
 Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death
 Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepulcher,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd
 Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
 To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane
 That thou dead corse, againe in compleat steele
 Reuifites thus the glimfes of the Moone,
 Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature
 So horridly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules,
 Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe?

Beckins.

Hora. It beckins you to goe away with it
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what curteous action
 It waues you to a more remooued ground,
 But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake, then I will followe it.

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why what should be the feare,
 I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,

And

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord.
That beckles ore his bace, into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible shape,
Which might depriue your soueraigntie of reason,
And driue you into madnesse : thinke of it.

Ham. Still am I called, go on, ile follow thee.

Hor. My Lord, you shall not go.

Ham. Why what should be the feare?
I do not set my life at a pinnes fee,
And for my foule, what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortall, like it selfe,
Go on, ile follow thee.

Mar. My Lord be rulde, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out, and makes each pety Artieue

As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue,
Still am I cald, vnhand me gentlemen;
By heauen ile make a ghost of him that lets me,
Away I say, go on, ile follow thee.

Hor. He waxeth desperate with imagination.

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of *Denmarke*.

Hor. Haue after; to what issue will this fort?

Mar. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him. *exit.*

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Ile go no farther, whither wilt thou leade me?

Ghost Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost I am thy fathers spirit, doomd for a time
To walke the night, and all the day
Confinde in flaming fire,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Arepurged and burnt away.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

Ghost

Prince of Denmarke.

And for my soule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it selfe ;
It waues me forth againe, Ile followe it.

Hora. What if it tempt you toward the flood my
Or to the dreadfull somnet of the cleefe
That bettles ore his bafe into the sea,
And there assume some other horraable forme
Which might depriue your soueraigntie of reason,
And draw you into madnes, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of desperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine
That lookes so many fadoms to the sea
And heares it rore beneath.

Ham. It waues me still,
Goe on, Ile followe thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold of your hands.

Hora. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each petty arture in this body
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue ;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen
By heauen Ile make a ghost of him that lets me,
I say away, goe on, Ile followe thee. *Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*

Hora. He waxes desperate with imagion.

Mar. Lets followe, tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hora. Haue after, to what issue will this come ?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.

Hora. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay lets follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghost, and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile goe no further,

Ghost. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My houre is almost come
When I to sulphrus and tormenting flames
Must render vp my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ghost Nay pittie me not, but to my vnfold
 Lend thy listning eare, but that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison house
 I would a tale vnfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy yong blood,
 Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 And each particular haire to stand on end
 Like quills vpon the fretfull Porpentine,
 But this same blazon must not be, to eates of flesh and blood
 Hamlet, if euer thou didst thy deere father loue.

Ham. O God.

Gho. Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murder :

Ham. Murder.

Ghost Yea, murder in the highest degree,
 As in the least tis bad,
 But mine most foule, beastly, and vnnaturall.

Ham. Hasten me to knowe it, that with wings as swift as
 meditation, or the thought of it, may sweepe to my reuenge.

Ghost O I finde thee apt, and duller shouldst thou be
 Then the fat weede which rootes it selfe in ease
 On *Lethe* wharffe : brieue let me be.

Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my orchard,
 A Serpent stung me ; so the whole eare of *Denmarke*
 Is with a forged Proffes of my death rankely abuse:
 But know thou noble Youth : he that did sting
 Thy fathers heart, now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my prophetike soule, my vncle ! my vncle !

Ghost

Prince of Denmarke.

Ghost. Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall vnfold.

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Ghost. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt hear

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,
Doomd for a certaine tearme to walke the night,
And for the day confind to fast in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prision house,
I could a tale vnfolde whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy foule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particuler haire to stand an end,
Like quills vpon the fearefull Porpentine,
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of flesh and blood, list, list, ô list:
If thou did'st euer thy deare father loue.

Ham. O God.

Ghost. Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murther.

Ham. Murther.

Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is,
But this most foule, strange and vnnaturall.

Ham. Haft me to know't, that I with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue
May sweepe to my reuenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt,
And duller should'st thou be then the fat weede
That rootes it selfe in ease on *Lethe* wharffe,
Would'st thou not sturre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent stung me, so the whole eare of Denmarke
Is by a forged proceffe of my death
Ranckely abusde: but knowe thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my propheticke soule! my Vncle?

Ghost.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ghost Yea he, that incestuous wretch, wonne to his will
(with gifts,

O wicked will, and gifts! that haue the power
So to seduce my most seeming vertuous Queene,

But vertne, as it neuer will be moued,
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen,
So Lust, though to a radiant angle linckt,
Would fate it felse from a celestiall bedde,
And prey on garbage: but soft, me thinkes
I sent the mornings ayre, brieft let me be,
Sleeping within my Orchard, my custome alwayes

In the after noone, vpon my secure houre
Thy vncke came, with iuyce of Hebona
In a viall, and through the porches of my eares
Did powre the leaproous distilment, whose effect
Hold such an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as quickesilver, it posteth through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And turnes the thinne and wholesome blood
Like eager dropings into milke.

And all my smoothe body, barked, and tetterd ouer.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand
Of Crowne, of Queene, of life, of dignitie
At once depriued, no reckoning made of,
But sent vnto my graue,
With all my accompts and finnes vpon my head,
O horrible, most horrible!

Ham. O God!

ghost If thou hast nature in thee, beare it not,

But

Prince of Denmarke.

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
 With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
 O wicked wit, and giftes that haue the power
 So to seduce; wonne to his shamefull lust
 The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene;
 O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
 From me whose loue was of that dignitie
 That it went hand in hand, euen with the vowe
 I made to her in marriage, and to decline
 Vpon a wretch whose naturall gifts were poore,
 To those of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be mooued,
 Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen
 So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,
 Will fort it selfe in a celestiall bed

And pray on garbage.

But soft, me thinkes I sent the morning ayre,
 Brieue let me be; sleeping within my Orchard,
 My custome alwayes of the afternoone,
 Vpon my secure houre, thy Vncle stole
 With iuyce of cursed Hebona in a viall,
 And in the porches of my eares did poure
 The leaprous distilment, whose effect
 Holds such an enmitie with blood of man,
 That swift as quicksiluer it courses through
 The naturall gates and allies of the body,
 And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse
 And curde like eager droppings into milke,
 The thin and wholsome blood; so did it mine,
 And a most instant tetter barckt about
 Most Lazerlike with vile and lothsome cruft
 All my smooth body.

Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,
 Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,
 Cut off euen in the blossomes of my sinne,
 Vnhuzled, disappointed, vnanueld,
 No reckning made, but sent to my account
 Withall my imperfections on my head,
 O horrible, ô horrible, most horrible.
 If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

But howsoeuer, let not thy heart
 Conspire against thy mother aught,
 Leaue her to heauen,
 And to the burthen that her conscience beares.

I must be gone, the Glo-worme shewes the Martin
 To be neere, and gin's to pale his vneffectual fire:
 Hamlet adue, adue, adue : remember me. *Exit*

Ham. O all you hoste of heauen ! O earth, what else?
 And shall I couple hell; remember thee?

Yes thou poore Ghost; from the tables
 Of my memorie, ile wipe away all sawes of Bookes,

All triuiall fond conceites

That euer youth, or else obseruance noted,
 And thy remembrance, all alone shall fit.

Yes, yes, by heauen, a damnd pernitiuous villaine,

Murderons, bawdy, smiling damned villaine,
 (My tables) meet it is I set it downe,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villayne;
 At least I am sure, it may be so in *Denmarke*.
 So vncke, there you are, there you are.
 Now to the words; it is adue adue : remember me,
 Soe t'is enough I haue sworne.

Hor. My lord, my lord.

*Enter. Horatio,
 and Marcellus.*

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hor. Ill, lo, lo, ho, ho.

Mar. Ill, lo, lo, so, ho, so, come boy, come.

Hor. Heauens secure him.

Mar.

Prince of Denmarke.

Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But howsomeuer thou pursues this act,
 Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy soule contriue
 Against thy mother aught, leaue her to heauen,
 And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge
 To prick and sting her, fare thee well at once,
 The Gloworme shewes the matine to be neere
 And gines to pale his vneffectuall fire,
 Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

Ham. O all you host of heauen, ô earth, what els,
 And shall I coupple hell, ô fie, hold, hold my hart,
 And you my sinnowes, growe not instant old,
 But beare me swiftly vp; remember thee,
 I thou poore Ghost whiles memory holds a seate
 In this distracted globe, remember thee,
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
 All sawes of bookes, all formes, all preffures past
 That youth and obseruation coppied there,
 And thy commandement all alone shall liue,
 Within the booke and volume of my braine
 Vnmixt with baser matter, yes by heauen,
 O most pernicious woman.
 O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine,
 My tables, meet it is I fet it downe
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine,
 At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.
 So Vncle, there you are, now to my word,
 It is adew, adew, remember me.
 I haue sworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.

Hora. Heauens secure him.

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

Mar.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Mar. How i'ft my noble lord?

Hor. What news my lord?

Ham. O wonderfull, wonderful.

Hor. Good my lord tel it.

Ham. No not I, you'l reueale it.

Hor. Not I my Lord by heauen.

Mar. Nor I my Lord.

Ham. How fay you then? would hart of man
Once thinke it? but you'l be secret.

Both. I by heauen, my lord.

Ham. There's neuer a villaine dwelling in all *Denmarke*,
But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hor. There need no Ghost come from the graue to tell
you this.

Ham. Right, you are in the right, and therefore
I holde it meet without more circumstance at all,
Wee shake hands and part; you as your busines
And defiers shall leade you: for looke you,
Euery man hath busines, and desires, such
As it is, and for my owne poore parte, ile go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and wherling words, my Lord.

Ham. I am fory they offend you; hartely, yes faith hartily.

Hor. Ther's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrike* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence to, touching this vision,
It is an honest ghost, that let mee tell you.
For your desires to know what is betweene vs,
Or'emafter it as you may:
And now kind friends, as you are friends,
Schollers and gentlmen,
Grant mee one poore request.

Both. What i'ft my Lord?

Ham. Neuer make known what you haue seene to night

Both. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay but sweare.

Hor. In faith my Lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

Mar. How i'ft my noble Lord?

Hora. What newes my Lord?

Ham. O, wonderfull.

Hora. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No, you will reueale it.

Hora. Not I my Lord by heauen.

Mar. Nor I my Lord.

Ham. How fay you then, would hart of man once thinke it,
But you'le be secret.

Booth. I by heauen.

Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hora. There needes no Ghost my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.

Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And so without more circumstance at all
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You, as your bufines and defire fhall poynt you,
For euery man hath bufines and defire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.

Hora. Thefe are but wilde and whurling words my Lord.

Ham. I am forry they offend you hartily,
Yes faith hartily.

Hora. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrick* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence to, touching this vifion heere,
It is an honeft Ghost that let me tell you,
For your defire to knowe what is betweene vs
Oremastret as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, fchollers, and fouldiers,
Giue me one poore request.

Hora. What i'ft my Lord, we will.

Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue feene to night.

Booth. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but fwear't.

Hora. In faith my Lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Nay vpon my sword, indeed vpon my sword.
Gho. Swear.

The Ghost vnder the stage.

Ham. Ha, ha, come you here, this fellow in the sellerige,

Here consent to sweare.

Hor. Propose the oth my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake what you haue seene to night,
 Sweare by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique*; nay then weele shift our ground:
 Come hither Gentlemen, and lay your handes
 Againe vpon this sword, neuer to speake
 Of that which you haue seene, sweare by my sword.

Ghost Swear.

Ham. Well said old Mole, can't worke in the earth?
 so fast, a worthy Pioner, once more remoue.

Hor. Day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
 There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*,
 Then are Dream't of, in your philosophie,
 But come here, as before you neuer shall
 How strange or odde soere I beare my selfe,
 As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet,
 To put an Anticke disposition on,
 That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall
 With Armes incombred thus, or this head shake,
 Or by pronouncing some vndoubtfull phrase,
 As well well, wee know, or we could and if wee would,
 Or there be, and if they might, or such ambiguous:
 Giuing out to note, that you know aught of mee,
 This not to doe, so grace, and mercie
 At your most need helpe you, sweare

Ghost. sweare.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit. so gentlemen,
 In all my loue I do commend mee to you,

And

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Vppon my fword.

Mar. We haue fworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeede vppon my fword,indeed.

Ghoſt cries vnder the Stage.

Ghoſt. Sweare.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, ſay'ſt thou ſo, art thou there trupenny?
Come on, you heare this fellowe in the Sellerige,
Conſent to ſweare.

Hora. Propoſe the oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue ſeene
Sweare by my fword.

Ghoſt. Sweare.

Ham. *Hic, & vbiq̃ue*, then weelee ſhift our ground:
Come hether Gentlemen
And lay your hands againe vpon my fword,
Sweare by my fword
Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue heard.

Ghoſt. Sweare by his fword.

Ham. Well ſayd olde Mole, can'ſt worke it'h earth ſo faſt,
A worthy Pioner, once more remooue good friends.

Hora. O day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange.

Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*
Then are dream't of in your philoſophie, but come
Heere as before, neuer ſo helpe you mercy,
(How ſtrange or odde ſo mere I beare my ſelfe,
As I perchance heereafter ſhall thinke meet,
To put an Anticke diſpoſition on
That you at ſuch times ſeeing me, neuer ſhall
With armes incombred thus, or this head ſhake,
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtfull phraſe,
As well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,
Or if we liſt to ſpeake, or there be and if they might,
Or ſuch ambiguous giuing out, to note)
That you knowe ought of me, this doe ſweare,
So grace and mercy at your moſt neede helpe you.

Ghoſt. Sweare.

Ham. Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirit: ſo Gentlemen,
Withall my loue I doe commend me to you,

And

The Tragedie of Hamlet

And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* may,
 To pleasure you, God willing shall not want,
 Nay come lett's go together,
 But ftill your fingers on your lippes I pray,
 The time is out of ioynt, O curfed spite,
 That euer I was borne to fet it right,
 Nay come lett's go together. *Exeunt.*

Enter Corambis, and Montano.

Cor. Montano, here, these letters to my sonne,
 And this same mony with my blessing to him,
 And bid him ply his learning good *Montano*.

Mon. I will my lord.

Cor. You shall do very well *Montano*, to say thus,

I knew the gentleman, or know his father,
 To inquire the manner of his life,
 As thus; being amongst his acquaintance,
 You may say, you saw him at such a time, marke you mee,

At game, or drincking, fwearing, or drabbing,
 You may go so farre.

Mon. My lord, that will impeach his reputation.

Cor. I faith not a whit, no not a whit,

Now

Prince of Denmarke.

And what fo poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
 May doe t'expresse his loue and frending to you
 God willing shall not lack, let vs goe in together,
 And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
 The time is out of ioynt, ô curfed spight
 That euer I was borne to set it right.
 Nay come, lets goe together.

*Exeunt.**Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.*

Pol. Giue him this money, and these notes *Reynaldo*.

Rey. I will my Lord.

Pol. You shall doe meruiles wisely good *Reynaldo*,
 Before you visite him, to make inquire
 Of his behaiour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Mary well said, very well said; looke you fir,
 Enquire me first what Danskers are in Parris,
 And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,
 What companie, at what expence, and finding
 By this encompassment, and drift of question
 That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer
 Then your perticuler demaunds will tuch it,
 Take you as t'were some distant knowledge of him,
 As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
 And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?

Rey. I, very well my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well,
 But y^t be he I meane, hee's very wilde,
 Adicted so and so, and there put on him
 What forgeries you please, marry none so ranck
 As may dishonour him, take heede of that,
 But fir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,
 As are companions noted and most knowne
 To youth and libertie.

Rey. As gaming my Lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
 Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so far.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Fayth as you may season it in the charge.

E.

You

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Now happely hee closeth with you in the consequence,
As you may bridle it not disparage him a iote.

What was I a bout to say,

Mon. He closeth with him in the consequence.

Cor. I, you say right, he closeth with him thus,
This will hee say, let mee see what hee will say,
Mary this, I saw him yesterday, or tother day,
Or then, or at such a time, a dicing,

Or at Tennis, I or drincking drunke, or entring
Of a howse of lightnes viz. brothell,

Thus fir do wee that know the world, being men of reach,
By indirections, finde directions forth,

And

Prince of Denmarke.

You must not put another scandell on him,
 That he is open to incontinencie,
 That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
 That they may seeme the taints of libertie,
 The flafh and out-breake of a fierie mind,
 A fauagenes in vnreclamed blood,
 Of generall assault.

Rey. But my good Lord.

Pol. Wherefore should you doe this ?

Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry fir, heer's my drift,
 And I belieue it is a fetch of wit,
 You laying these flight fallies on my sonne
 As t'were a thing a little soyl'd with working,
 Marke you, your partie in conuerse, him you would found
 Hauing euer seene in the prenominat crimes
 The youth you breath of guiltie, be assur'd
 He closes with you in this consequence,
 Good fir, (or so,) or friend, or gentleman,
 According to the phrase, or the addiftion
 Of man and country.

Rey. Very good my Lord.

Pol. And then fir, doos a this, a doos, what was I about to say ?
 By the masse I was about to say something,
 Where did I leaue ?

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
 He closes thus, I know the gentleman,
 I saw him yesterday, or th'other day,
 Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,
 There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowse,
 There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
 I saw him enter such a house of sale,
 Videlizet, a brothell, or so foorth, see you now,
 Your bait of falshood take this carpe of truth,
 And thus doe we of wifedome, and of reach,
 With windleffes, and with affaies of bias,
 By indirections find directions out,
 So by my former lecture and aduise

Shall

The Tragedie of Hamlet

And so shall you my sonne; you ha me, ha you not?

Mon. I haue my lord.

Cor. Wel, fare you well, commend mee to him.

Mon. I will my lord.

Cor. And bid him ply his musicke

Mon. My lord I wil. *exit.*

Enter, Ofelia;

Cor. Farewel, how now *Ofelia*, what's the news with you?

Ofe. O my deare father, such a change in nature,
So great an alteration in a Prince,
So pitifull to him, fearefull to mee,
A maidens eye ne're looked on.

Cor. Why what's the matter my *Ofelia*?

Of. O yong Prince *Hamlet*, the only floure of *Denmark*,
Hee is bereft of all the wealth he had,
The Iewell that ador'nd his feature most
Is filcht and stolne away, his wit's bereft him,
Hee found mee walking in the gallery all alone,
There comes hee to mee, with a distracted looke,
His garters lagging downe, his shooes vntide,
And fixt his eyes so stedfast on my face,
As if they had vow'd, this is their latest obiect.
Small while he stoode, but gripes me by the wrift,
And there he holdes my pulse till with a sigh
He doth vnclasse his holde, and parts away
Silent, as is the mid time of the night:
And as he went, his eie was still on mee,
For thus his head ouer his shoulder looked,
He seemed to finde the way without his eies:
For out of doores he went without their helpe,
And so did leaue me.

Cor.

Prince of Denmarke.

Shall you my sonne ; you haue me, haue you not ?

Rey. My Lord, I haue.

Pol. God buy ye, far ye well.

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Rey. I shall my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musique.

Rey. Well my Lord. *Exit Rey.*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter ?

Oph. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted,

Pol. With what i'th name of God ?

Oph. My Lord, as I was sowing in my clofset,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his stockins fouled,
Vngartred, and downe gyued to his ancle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke so pittious in purport
As if he had been loofed out of hell
To speake of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy loue ?

Oph. My lord I doe not know,
But truly I doe feare it.

Pol. What said he ?

Oph. He tooke me by the wrift, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He falls to such perusall of my face
As a would draw it, long stayd he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,
He raisd a sigh so pittious and profound
As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his beeing ; that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his shoulder turn'd
Hee seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out adoores he went without theyr helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Cor. Madde for thy loue,

What haue you giuen him any croffe wordes of late?

Ofelia I did repell his letters, deny his gifts
As you did charge me.

Cor. Why that hath made him madde:
By heau'n t'is as proper for our age to cast
Beyond our felues, as t'is for the yonger fort
To leaue their wantonneffe. Well, I am fory
That I was so rash: but what remedy?

Lets to the King, this madnesse may prooue,
Though wilde a while, yet more true to thy loue. *exeunt.*

Enter King and Queene, Rossencraft, and Gilderstone.

King Right noble friends, that our deere cofin Hamlet

Hath lost the very heart of all his fence,
It is most right, and we most fory for him:
Therefore we doe desire, euen as you tender
Our care to him, and our great loue to you,

That you will labour but to wring from him

The

Prince of Denmarke.

Pol. Come, goe with mee, I will goe seeke the King,
 This is the very extacie of loue,
 Whose violent propertie fordoos it selfe,
 And leades the will to desperat vndertakings
 As oft as any pafsions vnder heauen
 That dooes afflict our natures : I am sorry,
 What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late ?
Opb. No my good Lord, but as you did commaund
 I did repell his letters, and denied
 His accesse to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
 I am sorry, that with better heede and iudgement
 I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
 And meant to wrack thee, but beshrow my Ielousie :
 By heauen it is as proper to our age
 To cast beyond our selues in our opinions,
 As it is common for the younger sort
 To lack discretion ; come, goe we to the King,
 This must be knowne, which beeing kept close, might moue
 More grieve to hide, then hate to vtter loue,
 Come. *Exeunt.*

Florisb. Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and
 Guyldensterne.

King. Welcome deere Rosencraus, and Guyldensterne,
 Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
 The need we haue to vse you did prouoke
 Our hastie sending, something haue you heard
 Of *Hamlets* transformation, so call it,
 Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
 Resembles that it was, what it should be,
 More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him
 So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe
 I cannot dreame of : I entreate you both
 That beeing of so young dayes brought vp with him,
 And sith so nabored to his youth and hauior,
 That you voutsafe your rest heere in our Court
 Some little time, so by your companies
 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather

So

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The cause and ground of his distemperancie.
Doe this, the king of *Denmarke* shal be thankfull,

Rof. My Lord, whatsoeuer lies within our power
Your maiestie may more commaund in wordes
Then vse perswasions to your liege men, bound
By loue, by duetie, and obedience.

Guil. What we may doe for both your Maiesties
To know the grieve troubles the Prince your sonne,
We willindeuour all the best we may,
So in all duetie doe we take our leaue,

King Thankes Guilderstone, and gentle Rosencraft.

Que. Thankes Rosencraft, and gentle Gilderstone.

Enter Corambis and Ofelia.

Cor. My Lord, the Ambassadors are ioyfully
Return'd from *Norway*.

King Thou still hast beene the father of good news.

Cor. Haue I my Lord? I assure your grace,
I holde my duetie as I holde my life,
Both to my God, and to my foueraigne King:
And I beleeeue, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the traine of policie so well
As it had wont to doe, but I haue found
The very depth of Hamlets lunacie.

Queene God graunt he hath.

Enter

Prince of Denmarke.

So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether aught to vs vnknowne afflicts him thus,
That opend lyes within our remedie.

Quee. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And sure I am, two men there is not lining
To whom he more adheres, if it will please you
To shew vs so much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receiue such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rof. Both your Maiesties
Might by the soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures more into commaund
Then to entreatie.

Guyld. But we both obey.
And heere giue vp our selues in the full bent,
To lay our seruice freely at your feete
To be commaunded.

King. Thanks *Rosencraus*, and gentle *Guyldensterne*.

Quee. Thanks *Guyldensterne*, and gentle *Rosencraus*.
And I beseech you instantly to visite
My too much changed sonne, goe some of you
And bring these gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guyld. Heauen, make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Quee. I Amen.

Exeunt Rof. and Guyld.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'embassadors from *Norway* my good Lord,
Are ioyfully returnd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good newes.

Pol. Haue I my Lord? I assure my good Liege
I hold my dutie as I hold my soule,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I doe thinke, or els this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie so sure
As it hath vsd to doe, that I haue found
The very cause of *Hamlets* lunacie.

King. O speake of that, that doe I long to heare.

*The Tragedie of Hamlet**Enter the Ambassadors.**King* Now *Voltemar*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Volt. Most faire returnes of greetings and desires,
 Vpon our first he sent forth to suppress
 His nephews leuies, which to him appear'd
 To be a preparation gainst the Polacke:
 But better look't into, he truely found
 It was against your Highnesse, whereat grieved,
 That so his sicknesse, age, and impotence,
 Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
 On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in briefe obays,
 Receiues rebuke from *Norway*: and in fine,
 Makes vow before his vncler, neuer more
 To giue the assay of Armes against your Maiestie,
 Whereon olde *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
 Giues him three thousand crownes in annuall fee,
 And his Commission to employ those souldiers,
 So leuied as before, against the Polacke,
 With an intreaty heerein further shewne,
 That it would please you to giue quiet passe
 Through your dominions, for that enterprise
 On such regards of safety and allowances
 As therein are set downe.

King It likes vs well, and at fit time and leasure
 Wee leade and answere these his Articles,

Meane time we thanke you for your well
 Tooke labour: goe to your rest, at night wee leafe together:
 Right welcome home. *exeunt Ambassadors.*

Cor. This busines is very well dispatched.

Now

Prince of Denmarke.

Pol. Giue first admittance to th'embassadors,
My newes shall be the fruite to that great feaft.

King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my deere *Gertrard* he hath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine
His fathers death, and our hastie marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall sift him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Vol. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeard
To be a preparation gainst the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your highnes, whereat greeu'd
That so his sicknes, age, and impotence
Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Vncle neuer more
To giue th'affay of Armes against your Maiestie:
Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Giues him threescore thousand crownes in anuall fee,
And his commission to imploy those souldiers
So leuied (as before) against the *Pollacke*,
With an entreatie heerein further shone,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions for this enterprife
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well,
And at our more considered time, wee'le read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your rest, at night wee'le feast together,
Most welcome home.

Exeunt Embassadors.

Pol. This busines is well ended.

My

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Now my Lord touching the yong Prince Hamlet,
 Certaine it is that hee is madde: mad let vs grant him then:
 Now to know the cause of this effect,
 Or else to fay the cause of this defect,
 For this effect defectiue comes by cause.
Queene Good my Lord be brieft.

Cor. Madam I will: my Lord, I haue a daughter,
 Haue while shee's mine: for that we thinke
 Is surest, we often loose: now to the Prince.
 My Lord, but note this letter,
 The which my daughter in obedience
 Deliuer'd to my handes.
King Reade it my Lord.

Cor. Marke my Lord,
 Doubt that in earth is fire,
 Doubt that the starres doe moue,
 Doubt trueth to be a liar,
 But doe not doubt I loue.
 To the beautifull *Ofelia*:

Thine euer the most vnhappy Prince *Hamlet*.

My

Prince of Denmarke.

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate
 What maiestie should be, what dutie is,
 Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
 Were nothing but to waite night, day, and time,
 Therefore breuitie is the soule of wit,
 And tediousnes the lymmes and outward florishes,
 I will be brieve, your noble sonne is mad :
 Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,
 What ist but to be nothing els but mad,
 But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with lesse art.

Pol. Maddam, I sweare I vse no art at all,
 That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittie,
 And pittie tis tis true, a foolish figure,
 But farewell it, for I will vse no art.
 Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remains
 That we find out the cause of this effect,
 Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
 For this effect defectiue comes by cause :
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus
 Perpend,

I haue a daughter, haue while she is mine,
 Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
 Hath giuen me this, now gather and surmise,

To the Celestiall and my soules Idoll, the most beautified Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall heare : thus in her excellent white bosome, these &c.

Quee. Came this from *Hamlet* to her ?

Pol. Good Maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,

Doubt thou the starres are fire, Letter.

Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,

Doubt truth to be a lyer,

But neuer doubt I loue.

O deere *Ophelia*, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to reckon my grones, but that I loue thee best, ô most best belieue it, adew.
 Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter showne me, (*Hamlet.*
 And more about hath his sollicitings

As

The Tragedie of Hamlet

My Lord, what doe you thinke of me?

I, or what might you thinke when I sawe this?

King As of a true friend and a most louing subiect.

Cor. I would be glad to prooue so.

Now when I saw this letter, thus I bespake my maiden:

Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of your starre,
And one that is vnequall for your loue:

Therefore I did commaund her refuse his letters,
Deny his tokens, and to absent herselfe
Shee as my childe obediently obey'd me.
Now since which time, seeing his loue thus crofs'd,
Which I tooke to be idle, and but sport,
He straitway grew into a melancholy,
From that vnto a fast, then vnto distraction,
Then into a sadnesse, from that vnto a madnesse,
And so by continuance, and weakenesse of the braine
Into this frensie, which now possesseth him:
And if this be not true, take this from this.

King Thinke you t'is so?

Cor. How? so my Lord, I would very faine know
That thing that I haue saide t'is so, positiuely,
And it hath fallen out otherwise.
Nay, if circumstances leade me on,
Ile finde it out, if it were hid
As deepe as the centre of the earth.

King. how should wee trie this fame?

Cor. Mary my good lord thus,
The Princes walke is here in the gallery,

There

Prince of Denmarke.

As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath she receiu'd his loue ?

Pol. What doe you thinke of me ?

King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.

Pol. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hote loue on the wing,
As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere thinke,
If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke,
Or giuen my hart a working mute and dumbe,
Or lookt vpon this loue with idle sight,
What might you thinke ? no, I went round to worke,
And my young Mistris thus I did bespeake,
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy star,
This must not be : and then I prescripts gaue her
That she should locke herself from her resort,
Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens,
Which done, she tooke the fruites of my aduise:
And he repell'd, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadnes, then into a fast,
Thence to a wath, thence into a weakenes,
Thence to lightnes, and by this declension,
Into the madnes wherein now he raues,
And all we mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke this ?

Quee. It may be very like.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,
That I haue positiuely said, tis so,
When it proou'd otherwise ?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further ?

Pol. You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobby.

Quee.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

There let *Ofelia*, walke vntill hee comes:
 Your selfe and I will stand close in the study,
 There shall you heare the effect of all his hart,
 And if it proue any otherwise then loue,
 Then let my censure faile an other time.

King. see where hee comes poring vppon a booke.

Enter Hamlet.

Cor. Madame, will it please your grace
 To leaue vs here?

Que. With all my hart. *exit.*

Cor. And here *Ofelia*, reade you on this booke,
 And walke aloofe, the King shal be vnseene.

[See p. II 44] *Ham.* To be, or not to be, I there's the point,
 To Die, to sleepe, is that all? I all:
 No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes,
 For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
 And borne before an euerlasting Iudge,
 From whence no passenger euer retur'nd,
 The vndiscovered country, at whose fight
 The happy smile, and the accursed damn'd.
 But for this, the ioyfull hope of this,
 Whol'd bear the scornes and flattery of the world,
 Scorned by the right rich, the rich curst of the poore?
 The widow being oppressed, the orphan wrong'd,
 The taste of hunger, or a tirants raigne,
 And thousand more calamities besides,
 To grunt and sweate vnder this weary life,
 When that he may his full *Quietus* make,
 With a bare bodkin, who would this indure,
 But for a hope of something after death?
 Which pusses the braine, and doth confound the sence,
 Which makes vs rather beare those euilles we haue,
 Than flie to others that we know not of.
 I that, O this conscience makes cowardes of vs all,
 Lady in thy orizons, be all my finnes remembred.

Ofel.

Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. So he dooes indeede.

Pol. At such a time, Ile loose my daughter to him,

Be you and I behind an Arras then,

Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,

And be not from his reason false thereon

Let me be no assistant for a state

But keepe a farme and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I doe beseech you both away, *Exit King and Queene.*

Ile bord him presently, oh giue me leaue,

How dooes my good Lord *Hamlet*?

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you knowe me my Lord?

[See p. 37 I.]

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord.

Ham. I fir to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thousand.

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the sunne breede maggots in a dead dogge, being a
good kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet hee
knewe me not at first, a sayd I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone,
and truly in my youth, I suffred much extremity for loue, very
neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my
Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord.

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you reade my Lord.

Ham. Slaunders fir; for the satericall rogue sayes heere, that old
men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes
purging thick Amber, & plumtree gum, & that they haue a plen-
F. tifull

The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 45] *Ofel.* My Lord, I haue fought opportunitie, which now
I haue, to redeliuer to your worthy handes, a small remem-
brance, such tokens which I haue receiued of you.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ofel. My Lord.

Ham. Are you honest?

Ofel. What meanes my Lord?

Ham. That if you be faire and honest,
Your beauty should admit no discourse to your honesty.

Ofel. My Lord, can beauty haue better priuiledge than
with honesty?

Ham. Yea mary may it; for Beauty may transforme
Honesty, from what she was into a bawd:
Then Honesty can transforue Beauty:
This was sometimes a Paradox,
But now the time giues it scope.
I neuer gaue you nothing.

Ofel. My Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them such earnest vowes of loue,
As would haue moou'd the stoniest breast aliue,
But now too true I finde,
Rich giftes waxe poore, when giuers grow vnkinde.

Ham. I neuer loued you.

Ofel. You made me beleeeue you did.

Ham. O thou shouldst not a beleeeued me!

[See p. II 46] Go to a Nunnery goe, why shouldst thou
Be a breeder of sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest,

But

Prince of Denmarke.

tifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which fir though I most powerfully and potentlie belieue, yet I hold it not honesty to haue it thus set downe, for your selfe fir shall growe old as I am : if like a Crab you could goe backward. [See p. 38 I]

Pol. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, will you walke out of the ayre my Lord ?

Ham. Into my graue.

Pol. Indeede that's out of the ayre; how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happines that often madnesse hits on, which reason and sanctity could not so prosperously be deliuered of . I will leaue him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot take from mee any thing that I will not more willingly part withall : except my life, except my life, except my life.

Enter Gylldersterne, and Rosencraus.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to seeke the Lord *Hamlet*, there he is.

Ros. God saue you fir.

Gyl. My honor'd Lord.

Ros. My most deere Lord.

Ham. My extent good friends, how doost thou *Gylldersterne* ?

A *Rosencraus*, good lads how doe you both ?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Gyl. Happy, in that we are euer happy on Fortunes lap,
We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her waist, or in the middle of her fa-

Gyl. Faith her priuates we. (uors.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet,
What newes ?

Ros. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest.

Ham. Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true ;
But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elfonoure* ?

Ros. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thankes, but I thanke you, and sure deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halfpenny : were you not sent for ? is it your owne inclining ? is it a free visitation ? come, come, deale iustly with me, come, come, nay speake.

Gyl. What should we say my Lord ?

Ham.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 46] But I could accuse my selfe of such crimes
 It had been better my mother had ne're borne me,
 O I am very prowde, ambitious, disdainefull,
 With more sinnes at my becke, then I haue thoughts
 To put them in, what should such fellows as I
 Do, crawling between heauen and earth?
 To a Nunnery goe, we are arrant knaues all,
 Beleeue none of vs, to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. O heauens secure him!

Ham. Wher's thy father?

Ofel. At home my lord.

Ham. For Gods sake let the doores be shut on him,
 He may play the foole no where but in his
 Owne house: to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. Help him good God.

Ham. If thou dost marry, Ile giue thee
 This plague to thy dowry:

Be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snowe,
 Thou shalt not scape calumny, to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. Alas, what change is this?

Ham. But if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole,
 For wisemen know well enough,
 What monsters you make of them, to a Nunnery goe.

Ofel. Pray God restore him.

Ham. Nay, I haue heard of your paintings too,
 God hath giuen you one face,
 And you make your selues another,

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Any thing but to'th purpose : you were sent for, and there is [See p. 39 I] a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties haue not craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queen haue sent for you.

Rof. To what end my Lord ?

Ham. That you must teache me : but let me coniure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancie of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preferued loue ; and by what more deare a better proposer can charge you withall, bee euen and direct with me whether you were sent for or no.

Rof. What say you.

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you ? if you loue me hold not of.

Gyl. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery, and your secrecie to the King & Queene moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I knowe not, lost all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercises : and indeede it goes so heauily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seemes to mee a sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopie the ayre, looke you, this braue orehanging firmament, this maiesticall roofe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapoures. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God : the beautie of the world ; the paragon of Annimales ; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of dust : man delights not me, nor women neither, though by your smiling, you seeme to say so.

Rof. My Lord, there was no such stufte in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did yee laugh then, when I sayd man delights not me.

Rof. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton entertainment the players shall receaue from you, we coted them on the way, and hether they are comming to offer you seruice.

Ham. He that playes the King shal be welcome, his Maiestie shal haue tribute on me, the aduenterous Knight shal vse his foyle and target, the Louer shal not sigh gratis, the humorus Man shal end his part in peace, and the Lady shal say her minde freely : or the black verse shal hault for't. What players are they ?

Rof. Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the Citty.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 46] You fig, and you amble, and you nickname Gods creatures,
 Making your wantonneffe, your ignorance,
 A pox, t'is scuruy, Ile no more of it,
 It hath made me madde : Ile no more marriages,
 All that are married but one, shall liue,
 The rest shall keepe as they are, to a Nunnery goe,
 To a Nunnery goe. *exit.*

Ofe. Great God of heauen, what a quicke change is this?
 The Courtier, Scholler, Souldier, all in him,
 All dasht and splinterd thence, O woe is me,
 To a seene what I haue seene, see what I see. *exit.*

[See p. II 47] *King* Loue? No, no, that's not the cause, *Enter King and*
 Some deeper thing it is that troubles him. *Corambis.*

Cor. Wel, something it is: my Lord, content you a while,
 I will my selfe goe feele him: let me worke,
 Ile try him euery way: see where he comes,
 Send you those Gentlemen, let me alone
 To finde the depth of this, away, be gone. *exit King.*

[See p. II 34] Now my good Lord, do you know me? *Enter Hamlet.*

Ham. Yea very well, y'are a fishmonger.

Cor. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then fir, I would you were so honest a man,
 For to be honest, as this age goes,
 Is one man to be pickt out of tenne thousand.

Cor. What doe you reade my Lord?

Ham. Wordes, wordes.

Cor. What's the matter my Lord?

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. How chances it they trauaile? their residence both in reputation, and profit was better both wayes. [See p. 40 I]

Rof. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouation.

Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the Citty; are they so followed.

Rof. No indeede are they not.

Ham. It is not very strange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, fortie, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in little, s'bloud there is somthing in this more then naturall, if Philosophie could find it out. *A Florish.*

Guy. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elfonoure*, your hands come then, th'appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let me extent to the players, which I tell you must shoue fairely outwards, should more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

Guy. In what my deare Lord.

Ham. I am but mad North North west; when the wind is Southerly, I knowe a Hauke, from a hand saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Harke you *Guyldensterne*, and you to, at each eare a hearer, that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swadling clouts.

Rof. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it, You say right sir, a Monday morning, t'was then indeede.

Pol. My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord I haue newes to tel you: when *Roffius* was an Actor [See p. 41 I] in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Vppon my honor.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Affe.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedy, History, Pastoral, Pastoral Comical, Historicall Pastoral, scene indeuidible.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 34] *Ham.* Betweene who?

Cor. I meane the matter you reade my Lord.

Ham. Mary most vile heresie:

For here the Satyricall Satyre writes,

[See p. II 35] That olde men haue hollow eyes, weake backes,
Grey beardes, pittifull weake hammes, gowty legges,
All which fir, I most potently beleue not:
For fir, your selfe shalbe olde as I am,
If like a Crabbe, you could goe backward.

Cor. How pregnant his replies are, and full of wit:

Yet at first he tooke me for a fishmonger:

All this comes by loue, the vemencie of loue,

And when I was yong, I was very idle,

And suffered much extasie in loue, very neere this:

Will you walke out of the aire my Lord?

Ham. Into my graue.

Cor. By the masse that's out of the aire indeed,

Very threwd answers,

My lord I will take my leaue of you.

Enter Gilderstone, and Rossencraft.

Ham: You can take nothing from me fir,

I will more willingly part with all,

Olde doating foole.

Cor, You seeke Prince Hamlet, see, there he is. *exit.*

Gil. Health to your Lordship.

Ham. What, Gilderstone, and Rossencraft,
Welcome kinde Schoole-fellowes to *Elfanoure.*

Gil.

Prince of Denmarke.

indeuidible , or Poem vnlimited, *Sceneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty : these are the only men. [See p. 41 I]

Ham. O *Ieptha* Iudge of Israell, what a treasure had'st thou ?

Pol. What treasure had he my Lord ?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which he loued pasing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Ieptha* ?

Pol. If you call me *Ieptha* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue

Ham. Nay that followes not. (pasing well.)

Pol. What followes then my Lord ?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you knowe it came to passe, as most like it was ; the first rowe of the pious chanson will shoue you more, for looke where my abridgment comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is vantage since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in Denmark ? what my young Lady and mistris, by lady your Ladishippe is nerer to heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrent gold, [See p. 42 I] bee not crackt within the ring : maisters you are all welcome, weelee ento't like friendly Fankners, fly at any thing we see, weelee haue a speech straite, come giue vs a tast of your quality, come a pafionate speech.

Player. What speech my good Lord ?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleas'd not the million, t'was cauiary to the generall, but it was as I receaued it & others, whose iudgements in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modestie as cunning. I remember one sayd there were no fallets in the lines, to make the matter sauory, nor no matter in the phraze that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholefome as sweete, & by very much, more handsome then fine : one speech in't I chiefly loued, t'was *Aeneas* talke to *Dido*, & there about of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pirhus* like Th'ircanian

The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 36] *Gil.* We thanke your Grace, and would be very glad
You were as when we were at *Wittenburg*.

Ham. I thanke you, but is this visitation free of
Your felues, or were you not sent for?

[See p. II 37] Tell me true, come, I know the good King and Queene
Sent for you, there is a kinde of confession in your eye:
Come, I know you were sent for.

Gil. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I see how the winde fits,
Come, you were sent for.

Roff. My lord, we were, and willingly if we might,
Know the cause and ground of your discontent.

Ham. Why I want preferment.

Roff. I thinke not so my lord.

Ham. Yes faith, this great world you see contents me not,
No nor the spangled heauens, nor earth, nor sea,
No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,
Contents not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.

Gil. My lord, we laugh not at that.

Ham. Why did you laugh then,
When I said, Man did not content mee?

Gil. My Lord, we laughed, when you said, Man did not
content you.

What entertainment the Players shall haue,
We boorded them a the way: they are comming to you.

Ham. Players, what Players be they?

Roff. My Lord, the Tragedians of the Citty,

Those

Prince of Denmarke.

beast, tis not so, it beginnes with *Pirrhus*, the rugged *Pirrhus*, he whose [See p. 42 I]
fable Armes,

Black as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in th'omynous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smeard,
With heraldy more dismall head to foote,
Now is he totall Gules horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and empasted with the parching streetes
That lend a tirranus and damned light
To their Lords murther, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cised with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbunkles, the hellish *Phirrhus*
Old grandfire *Priam* seekes ; so proceede you.

[See p. 43 I]

Pol. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and good

Play. Anon he finds him, (discretion.)

Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals,
Repugnant to commaund ; vnequall matcht,
Pirrhus at *Priam* driues, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell sword,
Th'vnnerued father fals :

Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top
Stoopest to his base ; and with a hiddious crash
Takes prisoner *Pirrhus* care, for loe his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,
So as a painted tirant *Pirrhus* stood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing :

But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the racke stand still,
The bold winds speechlesse, and the orbe belowe
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after *Pirrhus* pause,
A rowfed vengeance fets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Marses* Armor forg'd for prooffe eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pirrhus* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Those that you tooke delight to see so often. (stie?

[See p. II 87] *Ham.* How comes it that they trauell? Do they grow re-

Gil. No my Lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.

Ham. How then?

Gil. Yfaith my Lord, noueltie carries it away,
For the principall publike audience that
Came to them, are turned to priuate playes,
And to the humour of children.

Ham. I doe not greatly wonder of it,
For those that would make mops and moes
At my vncke, when my father liued,
Now giue a hundred, two hundred pounds
For his picture: but they shall be welcome,
He that playes the King shall haue tribute of me,
The ventrous Knight shall vse his foyle and target,
The louer shall sigh gratis,
The clowne shall make them laugh (for't,
That are tickled in the lungs, or the blanke verse shall halt
And the Lady shall haue leaue to speake her minde freely.

The Trumpets sound, Enter Corambis.

Do you see yonder great baby?

He is not yet out of his swadling clowts.

Gil. That may be, for they say an olde man
Is twice a childe. (Players,

Ham. Ile prophecie to you, hee comes to tell mee a the
You say true, a monday last, t'was so indeede.

Cor. My lord, I haue news to tell you.

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune, all you gods,
In generall finod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes, and follies of her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

[See p. 43 I]

Ham. It shall to the barbers with your beard ; prethee say on, he's
for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepest, say on, come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who, a woe, had seene the mobled Queene,

Ham. The mobled Queene.

Pol. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatning the flames
With *Bifon* rehome, a clout vpon that head
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp,
Who this had seene, with tongue in venom steept,
Gainst fortunes state would treason haue pronounst ;
But if the gods themselues did see her then,
When she saw *Pirrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband limmes,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Vnlesse things mortall mooue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And pafsion in the gods.

[See p. 44 I]

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his cullour, and has teares in's
eyes, prethee no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest of this soone,
Good my Lord will you see the players well bestowed ; doe you
heare, let them be well vsed, for they are the abstract and breefe
Chronicles of the time ; after your death you were better haue a
bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My Lord, I will vse them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vse euery man after his de-
sert, & who shall scape whipping, vse them after your owne honor
and dignity, the lesse they deferue the more merrit is in your boun-
ty. Take them in.

Pol. Come firs.

Ham. Follow him friends, wee leaue a play to morrowe; dost thou
heare

The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 87] *Ham.* My Lord, I haue newes to tell you:
When *Rossias* was an Actor in *Rome*.

Cor. The Actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Cor. The best Actors in Christendome,
Either for Comedy, Tragedy, Historie, Pastorall,
Pastorall, Historicall, Historicall, Comickall,
Comickall historicall, Pastorall, Tragedy historicall:

[See p. II 88] *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plato* too light:

For the law hath writ those are the onely men.

Ha, O *Iepha* Iudge of *Israell* what a treasure hadst thou?

Cor. Why what a treasure had he my lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter, and no more,
The which he loued passing well.

Cor. A, stil harping a my daughter! well my Lord,
If you call me *Iepha*, I hane a daughter that
I loue passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Cor. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why by lot, or God wot, or as it came to passe,
And so it was, the first verse of the godly Ballet
Wil tel you all: for look you where my abridgement comes:
Welcome maisters, welcome all, *Enter players.*

What my olde friend, thy face is vallanced

Since I saw thee last, com'ft thou to beard me in *Denmarke*?
My yong lady and mistris, burlady but your (you were:
Ladiship is growne by the altitude of a chopine higher than

Pray

Prince of Denmarke.

heare me old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

[See p. 44 I]

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Weele hate to morrowe night, you could for neede study a speech of some dosen lines, or fixteene lines, which I would set downe and infert in't, could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well, followe that Lord, & looke you mock him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you tell night, you are welcome to *Elfen-oure.* [See p. 45 I]

Exeunt Pol. and Players.

Rof. Good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Ham. I fo God buy to you, now I am alone,

O what a rogue and pefant flauie am I.

Is it not monftrous that this player heere

But in a fixion, in a dreame of pafsion

Could force his foule fo to his owne conceit

That from her working all the vifage wand,

Teares in his eyes, diftraction in his afpect,

A broken voyce, an his whole function futing

With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,

For *Hecuba*.

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,

That he fhould weepe for her? what would he doe

Had he the motiue, and that for pafsion

That I haue? he would drowne the ftage with teares,

And cleaue the generall eare with horrid fpeech,

Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,

Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede

The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,

A dull and muddy metteld raskall peake,

Like Iohn-a-dreames, vnpregnant of my caufe,

And can fay nothing; no not for a King,

Vpon whose property and moft deare life,

A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,

Who cals me villaine, breakes my pate a croffe,

Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,

Twekes me by the nofe, giues me the lie i'th thraote

As deepe as to the lunges, who does me this,

Hah, s'wounds I fhould take it: for it cannot be

But I am pidgion liuerd, and lack gall

To

The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 38] Pray God fir your voyce, like a peece of vncurrant
Golde, be not crack't in the ring: come on maisters,
Weele euen too't, like French Falconers,
Flie at any thing we see, come, a taste of your
Quallitie, a speech, a passionate speech.

Players What speech my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake a speech once,
But it was neuer acted: or if it were,
Neuer aboue twice, for as I remember,
It pleased not the vulgar, it was cauiary
To the million: but to me
And others, that receiued it in the like kinde,
Cried in the toppe of their iudgements, an excellent play,
Set downe with as great modestie as cunning:
One said there was no fallets in the lines to make thẽ sauory,
But called it an honest methode, as wholesome as sweete.
Come, a speech in it I chiefly remember
Was *Aeneas* tale to *Dido*,
And then especially where he talkes of Princes slaughter,
If it liue in thy memory beginne at this line,
Let me see.

The rugged *Pyrrus*, like th'arganian beast;

[See p. II 39] No t'is not so, it begins with *Pirrus*:

O I haue it.

The rugged *Pirrus*, he whose fable armes,
Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,

Hath

Prince of Denmarke.

To make opprefion bitter, or ere this
 I fhould a fatted all the region kytes
 With this flaues offall, bloody, bawdy villaine,
 Remorfeffe, trecherous, lecherous, kindleffe villaine.
 Why what an Affe am I, this is moft braue,
 That I the fonne of a deere murthered,
 Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,
 Muft like a whore vnpacke my hart with words,
 And fall a curfing like a very drabbe; a ftallyon, fie vppont, foh.
 About my braines; hum, I haue heard,
 That guilty creatures fitting at a play,
 Haue by the very cunning of the fcene,
 Beene ftrooke fo to the foule, that prefently
 They haue proclaim'd their malefactions:
 For murther, though it haue no tongue will fpeake
 With moft miraculous organ: Ile haue thefe Players
 Play fomething like the murther of my father
 Before mine Vncle, Ile obferue his lookes,
 Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench
 I know my courfe. The fpirit that I haue feene
 May be a deale, and the deale hath power
 T'affume a pleafing fhape, yea, and perhaps,
 Out of my weakenes, and my melancholy,
 As he is very potent with fuch fpirits,
 Abufes me to damne me; Ile haue grounds
 More relatiue then this, the play's the thing
 Wherein Ile catch the confcience of the King. *Exit.*

[See p. 45 I]

[See p. 46 I]

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſencraus, Guyl-
 denſterne, Lords.*

King. And can you by no drift of conference
 Get from him why he puts on this confuſion,
 Grating fo harſhly all his dayes of quiet
 With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?

Roſ. He dooes confeſſe he feeles himſelfe diftracted,
 But from what cauſe, a will by no meanes ſpeake.

Guyl. Nor doe we find him forward to be ſounded,
 But with a craftie madnes keepes aloofe
 When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion

The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 39] Hath now his blacke and grimme complexion smeered
 With Heraldry more dismall, head to foote,
 Now is he totall guise,horridely tricked
 With blood of fathers,mothers,daughters,sonnes,
 Back't and imparched in calagulate gore,
 Rifted in earth and fire, old grandfire *Pryam* seekes:
 So goe on. (accent.

Cor. Afore God, my Lord, well spoke, and with good

Play. Anone he finds him striking too short at Greeks,
 His antike sworde rebellious to his Arme,
 Lies where it falles, vnable to resist.

Pyrrus at *Pryam* driues, but all in rage,
 Strikes wide, but with the whiffe and winde
 Of his fell sword, th'unnerued father falles.

[See p. II 40] *Cor.* Enough my friend, t'is too long.

Ham. It shall to the Barbers with your beard:

A pox, hee's for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry,
 Or else he sleepest, come on to *Hecuba*, come.

Play. But who, O who had seene the mobled Queene?

Cor. Mobled Queene is good, faith very good.

Play. All in the alarum and feare of death rose vp,
 And o're her weake and all ore-teeming loynes, a blancket
 And a kercher on that head, where late the diademe stooode,
 Who this had seene with tongue inuenom'd speech,
 Would treafon haue pronounced,
 For if the gods themselues had seene her then,
 When she saw *Pirrus* with malicious strokes,

Prince of Denmarke.

Of his true state.

[See p. 46 I]

Quee. Did he receiue you well?

Rof. Most like a gentleman.

Guy. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Rof. Niggard of question, but of our demaunds
Most free in his reply.

Quee. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Rof. Maddam, it so fell out that certaine Players
We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kind of ioy
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,
And as I thinke, they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis most true,
And he beseecht me to intreat your Maiesties
To heare and see the matter.

King. With all my hart,
And it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen giue him a further edge,
And driue his purpose into these delights.

Rof. We shall my Lord. *Exeunt Rof. & Guy.*

King. Sweet *Gertrard*, leaue vs two,
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hether,
That he as t'were by accident, may heere
Affront *Ophelia*; her father and my selfe,
Wee'le so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene,
We may of their encounter franckly iudge,
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
If be th'affliction of his loue or no
That thus he suffers for.

[See p. 33 I]

Quee. I shall obey you.
And for your part *Ophelia*, I doe wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildnes, so shall I hope your vertues,
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours,

[See p. 34 I]

Oph. Maddam, I wish it may.

Pol. *Ophelia* walke you heere, gracious so please you,

We

The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 40] Mincing her husbandes limbs,
It would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen,
And passion in the gods.

Cor. Looke my lord if he hath not changde his colour,
And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart, no more.

Ham. T'is well, t'is very well, I pray my lord,
Will you see the Players well bestowed,
I tell you they are the Chronicles
And brieft abstracts of the time,
After your death I can tell you,
You were better haue a bad Epiteth,
Then their ill report while you liue.

Cor. My lord, I will vse them according to their deserts.

Ham. O farre better man, vse euery man after his deserts,
Then who should scape whipping?
Vse them after your owne honor and dignitie,
The lesse they deserue, the greater credit's yours.

Cor. Welcome my good fellowes. *exit.*

[See p. II 41] *Ham.* Come hither maisters, can you not play the murder of *Gonsago?*

players Yes my Lord.

Ham. And could'st not thou for a neede study me
Some dozen or fixteene lines,
Which I would set downe and insert?

players Yes very easily my good Lord.

Ham. T'is well, I thanke you: follow that lord:
And doe you heare firs? take heede you mocke him not.

Gentlemen,

Prince of Denmarke.

We will bestow our selues; reade on this booke,
That shew of such an exercise may cullour
Your lowlines; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much proou'd, that with deuotions visage
And pious action, we doe fugar ore
The deuill himselfe.

[See p. 34 I]

King. O tis too true,
How smart a lash that speech doth giue my conscience.
The harlots cheeke beautied with plastring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede to my most painted word :
O heauy burthen.

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him comming, with-draw my Lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer
The flings and arrowes of outragious fortune,
Or to take Armes against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them, to die to sleepe
No more, and by a sleepe, to say we end
The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks
That flesh is heire to; tis a confumation
Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come
When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle
Must giue vs pause, there's the respect
That makes calamitie of so long life:
For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,
Th'oppressors wrong, the proude mans contumely,
The pangs of despiz'd loue, the lawes delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurnes
That patient merriit of th'vnworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his quietas make
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
To grunt and sweat vnder a wearie life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscouer'd country, from whose borne

The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 41] Gentlemen, for your kindnes I thanke you,
 And for a time I would desire you leaue me.
Gil. Our loue and duetie is at your commaund.

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. Why what a dunghill idiote slaue am I?
 Why these Players here draw water from eyes:
 For Hecuba, why what is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?
 What would he do and if he had my losse?
 His father mured, and a Crowne bereft him,
 He would turne all his teares to droppes of blood,
 Amaze the standers by with his laments,
 Strike more then wonder in the iudiciall eares,
 Confound the ignorant, and make mute the wife,
 Indeede his passion would be generall.
 Yet I like to an affe and Iohn a Dreames,
 Hauing my father mured by a villaine,
 Stand still, and let it passe, why sure I am a coward:
 Who pluckes me by the beard, or twites my nose,
 Giue's me the lie i'th throate downe to the lungs,
 Sure I should take it, or else I haue no gall,
 [See p. II 42] Or by this I should a fatted all the region kites
 With this slaues offell, this damned villaine,
 Treacherous, bawdy, murderous villaine:
 Why this is braue, that I the sonne of my deare father,
 Should like a scalion, like a very drabbe
 Thus raile in wordes. About my braine,
 I haue heard that guilty creatures fitting at a play,

Hath,

Prince of Denmarke.

No trauiler returnes, puzzels the will,
 And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,
 Then flie to others that we know not of.
 Thus conscience dooes make cowards,
 And thus the natiue hiew of resolution
 Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
 With this regard theyr currents turne awry,
 And loofe the name of action. Soft you now,
 The faire *Ophelia*, Nimph in thy orizons
 Be all my finnes remembred.

[See p. 34 I]

Oph. Good my Lord,
 How dooes your honour for this many a day ?

Ham. I humbly thanke you well.

Oph. My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours
 That I haue longed long to redeliuer,
 I pray you now receiue them.

[See p. 35 I]

Ham. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

Oph. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
 And with them words of so sweet breath compofd
 As made these things more rich, their perfume loft,
 Take these againe, for to the noble mind
 Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,
 There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest.

Oph. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire ?

Oph. What meanes your Lordship ?

Ham. That if you be honest & faire, you should admit
 no discourse to your beautie.

Oph. Could beauty my Lord haue better comerfe
 Then with honestie ?

Ham. I truly, for the power of beautie will sooner transforme honestie from what it is to a bawde, then the force of honestie can translate beautie into his likenes, this was sometime a paradox, but now the time giues it prooffe, I did loue you once.

Oph. Indeed my Lord you made me belieue so.

Ham. You should not haue beleeu'd me, for vertue cannot so euocut our old stock, but we shall relish of it, I loued you not.

Oph.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 42] Hath, by the very cunning of the scene, confessed a murder
 Committed long before.
 This spirit that I haue seene may be the Diuell,
 And out of my weakenesse and my melancholy,
 As he is very potent with such men,
 Doth seeke to damne me, I will haue sounder proofes,
 The play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King. *exit.*

Enter the King, Queene, and Lordes.

King Lordes, can you by no meanes finde
 The cause of our sonne Hamlets lunacie?
 You being so neere in loue, euen from his youth,
 Me thinkes should gaine more than a stranger should.

Gil. My lord, we haue done all the best we could,
 To wring from him the cause of all his griefe,
 But still he puts vs off, and by no meanes
 Would make an answer to that we exposde.

[See p. II 43] *Roff.* Yet was he something more inclin'd to mirth
 Before we left him, and I take it,
 He hath giuen order for a play to night,
 At which he craues your highnesse company.

King With all our heart, it likes vs very well:
 Gentlemen, seeke still to increase his mirth,
 Spare for no cost, our coffers shall be open,
 And we vnto your selues will still be thankfull.

Both

Prince of Denmarke.

Oph. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry, why would'st thou be a breeder of sin-ners, I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse mee of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee : I am very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoughts to put them in, imagination to giue them shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellowes as I do crawling betweene earth and heauen, wee are arrant knaues, beleuee none of vs, goe thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Oph. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house,
Farewell.

Oph. O helpe him you sweet heauens.

Ham. If thou doost marry, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dowrie, be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny; get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole, for wise men knowe well enough what monsters you make of them : to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farewell.

Oph. Heauenly powers restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your selves another, you gig & amble, and you list you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde, I say we will haue no mo marriage, those that are married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are : to a Nunry go. *Exit.*

Oph. O what a noble mind is heere orethrowne!
The Courtiers, souldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectation, and Rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obseru'd of all obseruers, quite quite downe,
And I of Ladies most deiect and wretched,
That suckt the honny of his musickt vowes;
Now see what noble and most foueraigne reason
Like sweet bells iangled out of time, and harsh,
That vnmatcht forme, and stature of blowne youth
Blasted with extacie, ô woe is mee
T'haue seene what I haue seene, see what I see.

Exit.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 48]

Both In all wee can be sure you shall commaund.*Queene* Thankes gentlemen, and what the *Queene* of
May pleasure you, be sure you shall not want. (*Denmarke*
Gil. Weele once againe vnto the noble Prince.*King* Thanks to you both: Gertred you'l see this play.*Queene* My lord I will, and it ioyes me at the soule
He is inclin'd to any kinde of mirth.*Cor.* Madame, I pray be ruled by me:And my good Soueraigne, giue me leaue to speake,
We cannot yet finde out the very ground
Of his distemperance, therefore
I holde it meete, if so it please you,
Else they shall not meete, and thus it is.*King* What i't *Corambis*? (done,*Cor.* Mary my good lord this, soone when the sports are
Madam, send you in hafte to speake with him,
And I my selfe will stand behind the Arras,
There question you the cause of all his grieve,
And then in loue and nature vnto you, hee'le tell you all:
My Lord, how thinke you on't?*King* It likes vs well, Gerterd, what say you?*Queene.* With all my heart, soone will I send for him.*Cor.* My selfe will be that happy messenger,
Who hopes his grieve will be reueal'd to her. *exeunt omnes**Enter Hamlet and the Players.**Ham.* Pronounce me this speech trippingly a the tongue
as I taught thee,

Mary and you mouth it, as a many of your players do

I'de rather heare a towne bull bellow,

Then such a fellow speake my lines.

Nor do not saw the aire thus with your hands,

But giue euery thing his action with temperance. (fellow,

O it offends mee to the soule, to heare a rebustious periwig

To

*Prince of Denmarke.**Enter King and Polonius.*

[See p. 37 I]

King. Loue, his affections doe not that way tend,
 Nor what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
 Was not like madnes, there's something in his soule
 Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,
 And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose
 VVill be some danger ; which for to preuent,
 I haue in quick determination
 Thus set it downe : he shall with speede to *England*,
 For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
 Haply the seas, and countries different,
 With variable obiects, shall expell
 This something setled matter in his hart,
 Whereon his braines still beating
 Puts him thus from fashon of himselfe.
 What thinke you on't ?

Pol. It shall doe well.

But yet doe I belieue the origin and comencement of his greefe,
 Sprung from neglected loue : How now *Ophelia* ?
 You neede not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* said,
 We heard it all : my Lord doe as you please,
 But if you hold it fit, after the play,
 Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him
 To shew his grieffe, let her be round with him,
 And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the eare
 Of all their conference, if she find him not,
 To *England* send him : or confine him where
 Your wisdome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so,
 Madnes in great ones must not vnmatcht goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you as I pronoun'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as liue the towne cryer spoke my lines, nor doe not saw the ayre too much with your hand thus, but vse all gently, for in the very torrent tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it smoothnesse, ô it offends me to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellowe
 tere

The Tragedie of Hamlet

To teare a passion in totters, into very ragges,
 To split the eares of the ignoraut, who for the (noises,
 Most parte are capable of nothing but dumbe shewes and
 I would haue such a fellow whipt, for o're doing, tarmagant
 It out, Herodes Herod.

players My Lorde, wee haue indifferently reformed that
 among vs.

Ham. The better, the better, mend it all together:
 There be fellowes that I haue seene play,
 And heard others commend them, and that highly too,
 That hauing neither the gate of Christian, Pagan,
 Nor Turke, haue so strutted and bellowed,
 That you would a thought, some of Natures journeymen
 Had made men, and not made them well,
 They imitated humanitie, so abhominable:
 Take heede, auoyde it.

players I warrant you my Lord.

Ham. And doe you heare? let not your Clowne speake
 More then is set downe, there be of them I can tell you
 That will laugh themselues, to set on some
 Quantitie of barren spectators to laugh with them,
 Albeit there is some necessary point in the Play
 Then to be obserued: O t'is vile, and shewes
 A pittifull ambition in the foole that vseth it.
 And then you haue some agen, that keepes one sute
 Of ieafts, as a man is knowne by one sute of
 Apparell, and Gentlemen quotes his ieafts downe
 In their tables, before they come to the play, as thus:
 Cannot you stay till I eate my porridge? and, you owe me
 A quarters wages: and, my coate wants a cullifon:
 And, your beere is fowre: and, blabbering with his lips,
 And thus keeping in his cinkapase of ieafts,
 When, God knows, the warme Clowne cannot make a iest
 Vnlesse by chance, as the blinde man catcheth a hare:
 Maisters tell him of it.

players We will my Lord.

Ham. Well, goe make you ready. *exeunt players.*

Horatio. Heere my Lord.

Ham. *Horatio,* thou art euen as iust a man,
 As e're my conuersation cop'd withall.

Hor. O my lord!

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

tere a passion to totters, to very rags, to spleet the eares of the groundlings, vvho for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe shoves, and noyse: I would haue such a fellow whipt for ore-doing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion be your tutor, sute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-steppe not the modestie of nature: For any thing so ore-doone, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first, and novve, was and is, to holde as twere the Mirrour vp to nature, to shew vertue her feature; sorne her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and preasure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it makes the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the iudicious greeue, the censure of which one, must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue seene play, and heard others prayfd, and that highly, not to speake it prophanely, that neither hauing th'accent of Chrifians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man, haue so strutted & bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iornimen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie so abhominably,

Player. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your clownes speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that wil themselues laugh, to set on some quantitie of barraine spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered, that's villanous, and shewes a most pittifull ambition in the foole that vses it: goe make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldesterne, & Rosencraus.

Pol. And the Queene to, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make hast. Will you two help to hasten the.

Ros. I my Lord. *Exeunt they two.*

Ham. What howe, *Horatio.* *Enter Horatio.*

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your seruice.

Ham. *Horatio,* thou art een as iust a man
As ere my conuersation copt withall.

Hor. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Nay why should I flatter thee?
 Why should the poore be flattered?
 What gaine should I receiue by flattering thee,
 That nothing hath but thy good minde?
 Let flattery lit on those time-pleasing tongs,
 To glose with them that loues to heare their praise,
 And not with such as thou *Horatio*.

There is a play to night, wherein one Sceane they haue
 Comes very neere the murder of my father,

When thou shalt see that Act afoote,

Marke thou the King, doe but obserue his lookes,

For I mine eies will riuet to his face:
 And if he doe not bleach, and change at that,
 It is a damned ghost that we haue seene.

Horatio, haue a care, obserue him well.

Hor. My lord, mine eies shall still be on his face,
 And not the smallest alteration

That shall appeare in him, but I shall note it.

Ham. Harke, they come.

Enter King, Queene, Corambis, and other Lords. (a play?

King How now son *Hamlet*, how fare you, shall we haue

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,
 For what aduancement may I hope from thee
 That no reueneue haft but thy good spirits
 To feede and clothe thee, why should the poore be flatterd ?
 No, let the candied tongue licke absurd pompe,
 And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee
 Where thrift may follow fauning ; doost thou heare,
 Since my deare soule was mistress of her choice,
 And could of men distinguish her election,
 Sh'ath seald thee for herselfe, for thou hast been
 As one in suffering all that suffers nothing,
 A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
 Haft tane with equall thanks ; and blest are those
 Whose blood and iudgement are so well comedled,
 That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger
 To sound what stop she please : giue me that man
 That is not passions slaue, and I will weare him
 In my harts core, I in my hart of hart
 As I doe thee. Something too much of this.
 There is a play to night before the King,
 One scene of it comes neere the circumstance
 Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
 I prethee when thou seest that act a foote,
 Euen with the very comment of thy soule
 Obserue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt
 Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we haue seene,
 And my imaginations are as foule
 As *Vulcans* stithy ; giue him heedfull note,
 For I mine eyes will riuet to his face,
 And after we will both our iudgements ioine
 In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well my lord,
 If a steale ought the whilst this play is playing
 And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

*Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene,
 Polonius, Ophelia.*

Ham. They are comming to the play. I must be idle,

Get

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Yfaith the Camelions dish, not capon cramm'd,
feede a the ayre.

I father : My lord, you playd in the Vniuersitie.

Cor. That I did my L: and I was counted a good actor.

Ham. What did you enact there?

Cor. My lord, I did act *Iulius Cæsar*, I was killed
in the Capitoll, *Brutus* killed me.

Ham. It was a brute parte of him,
To kill so capitall a calfe.

Come, be these Players ready?

Queene Hamlet come sit downe by me.

Ham. No by my faith mother, heere's a mettle more at-
Lady will you giue me leaue, and so forth: (traſtiue :
To lay my head in your lappe?

Ofel. No my Lord. (trary matters?

Ham. Vpon your lap, what do you thinke I meant con-

Enter

Prince of Denmarke.

Get you a place.

King. How fares our cofin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent yfaith,
Of the Camelions dish, I eate the ayre,
Promiscram'd, you cannot feede Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this aunswer *Hamlet*,
These words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.
You playd once i'th Vniuersitie you say,

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæsar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,
Brutus kild mee.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capitall a calfe there,
Be the Players readie?

Rof. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Ger. Come hether my deere *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No good mother, heere's mettle more attractiue.

Pol. O ho, doe you marke that.

Ham. Lady shall I lie in your lap?

Oph. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

Oph. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a fayre thought to lye betweene maydes legs.

Oph. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. O God your onely ligge-maker, what should a man doe but
be merry, for looke you how cheerefully my mother lookes, and my
father died within's two howres.

Oph. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the deucl weare blacke, for Ile haue a
fute of fables; ô heauens, die two months agoe, and not forgotten yet,
then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-liue his life halfe a
yeere, but ber Lady a must build Churches then, or els shall a suffer
not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for ô, for
ô, the hobby-horse is forgot.

H.

Enter

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter in a Dumb Shew, the King and the Queene, he sits downe in an Arbor, she leaues him : Then enters Lucianus with poyson in a Viall, and powres it in his eares, and goes away : Then the Queene commeth and findes him dead : and goes away with the other.

Ofel. What meanes this my Lord? *Enter the Prologue.*

Ham. This is myching Mallico, that meanes my chiefe.

Ofel. What doth this meane my lord?

Ham. you shall heare anone, this fellow will tell you all.

Ofel. Will he tell vs what this shew meanes?

Ham. I, or any shew you'le shew him,

Be not afeard to shew, hee'le not be afeard to tell:

O these Players cannot keepe counsell, thei'le tell all.

Pro. For vs, and for our Tragedie,

Heere stowpiug to your clemencie,

We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. I'ft a prologue, or a poefie for a ring?

Ofel. T'is short my Lord.

Ham. As womens loue.

Enter the Duke and Dutcheffe.

Duke Full fortie yeares are past, their date is gone,

Since happy time ioyn'd both our hearts as one:

And now the blood that fill'd my youthfull veines,

Runnes weakely in their pipes, and all the straines

Of musicke, which whilome pleasde mine eare,

Is now a burthen that Age cannot beare:

And thereforc sweete Nature must pay his due,

To heauen must I, and leaue the earth with you.

Dutcheffe O say not so, lest that you kill my heart,

When death takes you, let life from me depart.

Duke

*Prince of Denmarke.**The Trumpets sounds. Dumb show follows.*

*Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her necke, he lyes him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him asleepe, leaues him: anon come in another man, takes off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poyssner with some three or foure come in againe, seeme to con-
dole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poyssner wooes the Queene with gifts, shee seemes harsh awhile, but in the end accepts loue.*

Oph. VVhat meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry this munching *Mallico*, it meanes mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow, *Enter Prologue.*

The Players cannot keepe, they'le tell all.

Oph. Will a tell vs what this show meant?

Ham. I, or any show that you will show him, be not you asham'd to show, heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile mark the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,

Heere stooping to your clemencie,

We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the posie of a ring?

Oph. Tis breese my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath *Phebus* cart gone round
Neptunes salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirtie dosen Moones with borrowed sheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene
Since loue our harts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutually in most sacred bands.

Quee. So many iourneyes may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count ore ere loue be doone,
But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from our former state,
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.

For

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Duke Content thy selfe, when ended is my date,
Thon maift(perchance)haue a more noble mate,
More wife,more youthfull, and one.

Dutchesse O speake no more, for then I am accurst,
None weds the second, but she kils the first:

A second time I kill my Lord that's dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

Ham. O wormewood, wormewood!

Duke I doe beleeeue you sweete, what now you speake,
But what we doe determine oft we breake,

Prince of Denmarke.

For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
 And womens feare and loue hold quantitie,
 Eyther none, in neither ought, or in extremitie,
 Now what my Lord is prooffe hath made you know,
 And as my loue is ciz'd, my feare is so,
 Where loue is great, the littlest doubts are feare,
 Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.

King. Faith I must leaue thee love, and shortly to,
 My operant powers their functions leaue to do,
 And thou shalt liue in this faire world behind,
 Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
 For husband shalt thou.

Quee. O confound the rest,
 Such loue must needs be treason in my brest,
 In second husband let me be accurst,
 None wed the second but who kild the first.
 The instances that second marriage moue
 Are base respects of thrift, but none of loue,
 A second time I kill my husband dead,
 When second husband kisses me in bed.

Ham. That's
 wormwood

King. I doe believe you thinke what now you speake,
 But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
 Purpose is but the slaue to memorie,
 Of violent birth, but poore validitie,
 Which now the fruite vnripe sticks on the tree,
 But fall vnshaken when they mellow bee.
 Most necessary tis that we forget
 To pay our selues what to our selues is debt,
 What to our selues in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,
 The violence of eyther, grieve, or ioy,
 Their owne ennaçtures with themselves destroy,
 Where ioy most reuels, grieve doth most lament,
 Greefe ioy, ioy griefes, on slender accedent,
 This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,
 That euen our loues should with our fortunes change :
 For tis a question left vs yet to proue,
 Whether loue lead fortune, or els fortune loue.
 The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flies,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

For our demises stil are ouerthrowne,
 Our thoughts are ours, their end's none of our owne:
 So thinke you will no second husband wed,
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Dutcheffe Both here and there pursue me lasting strife,
 If once a widdow,euer I be wife.

Ham. If she should breake now.

Duke T'is deeply sworne,sweete leaue me here a while,
 My spirites growe dull , and faine I would beguile the tedious
 time with sleepe.

Dutcheffe Sleepe rock thy braine,
 And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *exit Lady*

Ham. Madam, how do you like this play?

Queene The Lady protests too much.

Ham. O but shee'le keepe her word.

King Haue you heard the argument, is there no offence
 in it?

Ham. No offence in the world,poyson inieft,poison in

King What do you call the name of the phy? (ieft.

Ham. Moufe-trap:mary how trapically:this play is
 The image of a murder done in *guyana*, *Albertus*
 Was the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*,
 Father,it is a knauish peece a worke: but what
 A that, it toucheth not vs, you and I that haue free
 Soules,let the galld iade wince, this is one
Lucianus nephew to the King.

Ofel. Ya're as good as a *Chorus* my lord.

Ham. I could interpret the loue you beare , if I sawe the
 poopies

Prince of Denmarke.

The poore aduaunc'd, makes friends of enemies,
 And hetherto doth loue on fortune tend,
 For who not needes, shall neuer lacke a friend,
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his enemy.
 But orderly to end where I begunne,
 Our wills and fates doe so contrary runne,
 That our deuises still are ouerthrowne,
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
 So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
 But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
 Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
 To desperation turne my trust and hope,
 And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
 Each opposite that blancks the face of ioy,
 Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,
 Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife,
 If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife. *Ham.* If she should
 . . . breake it now.

King. Tis deeply sworne, sweet leaue me heere a while,
 My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleepe.

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,
 And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play ?

Quee. The Lady doth protest too much mee thinks.

Ham. O but shee'le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument ? is there no offence in't ?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no offence i'th world.

King. What do you call the play ?

Ham. The Mousetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the Image
 of a murder doone in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife
Baptista, you shall see anon, tis a knauish peece of worke, but what of
 that ? your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not,
 let the gauled Iade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one *Lu-*
cianus, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue

If

The Tragedie of Hamlet

poopies dallying.

Ofel. Y'are very pleasant my lord.

Ham. Who I, your onlie jig-maker, why what shoulde a man do but be merry? for looke how cheerefully my mother lookes, my father died within these two houres.

Ofel. Nay, t'is twice two months, my Lord.

Ham. Two months, nay then let the diuell weare blacke, For i'le haue a sute of Sables : Iesus, two months dead, And not forgotten yet? nay then there's some Likelyhood, a gentlemans death may outliue memorie, But by my faith hee must build churches then, Or els hee must follow the old Epitithe, With hoh, with ho, the hobi-horse is forgot.

Ofel. Your iests are keene my Lord.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take them off.

Ofel. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husband. begin. Muredred Begin, a poxe, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, Come, the croking rauens doth bellow for reuenge.

Murd. Thoughts blacke, hands apt, drugs fit, and time Confederate season, else no creature seeing: (agreeing.

Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weedes collected, With *Hecates* bane thrife blasted, thrife infected,

Thy naturall magicke, and dire propertie,

One wholesome life vsurps immediately.

exit.

Ham. Hepoysonshim for his estate.

King Lights, I will to bed.

Cor. Theking rises, lights hoe.

Exeunt King and Lordes.

Ham. What, frighted with false fires?

Then let the stricken deere goe weepe,

The Hart vngalled play,

For some must laugh, while some must weepe,

Thus runnes the world away.

Hor. The king is moued my lord.

Hor. I *Horatio*, i'le take the Ghosts word For more then all the coyne in *Denmarke*.

Enter

Prince of Denmarke.

If I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keene my lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worfe.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauen doth bellow for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit, and time agreeing,
 Considerat season els no creature seeing,
 Thou mixture ranck, of midnight weedes collected,
 VVith *Hecats* ban thrice blasted, thrice inuected,
 Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
 On wholsome life vsurps immediatly.

Ham. A poysons him i'th Garden for his estate, his names *Gonzago*, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the play.

King. Giue me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.*

Ham. Why let the strooken Deere goe weepe,
 The Hart vngauled play,
 For some must watch while some must sleepe,
 Thus runnes the world away. Would not this fir & a forrest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with prouinciall Roses on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players?

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou doost know oh *Damon* deere
 This Realme dismantled was
 Of *Ioue* himselfe, and now raignes heere
 A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rym'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did't perceiue?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Vpon the talke of the poyfning.

Hora. I did very well note him.

*The Tragedie of Hamlet**Enter Rosfencraft and Gilderstone.**Roff.* Now my lord, how i't with you?*Ham.* And if the king like not the tragedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.*Roff.* We are very glad to see your grace so pleasant,
My good lord, let vs againe intreate (ture
To know of you the ground and cause of your diftempera-*Gil.* My lord, your mother craues to speake with you.*Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.*Roff.*

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Ah ha, come some musique, come the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some musique.

Enter Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.

Guyl. Good my Lord, voutsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir a whole historie.

Guyl. The King sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him ?

Guyl. Is in his retirement meruilous distempred.

Ham. With drinke sir ?

Guyl. No my Lord, with choller,

Ham. Your wisdom should shewe it selfe more richer to signifie
this to the Doctor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation, would
perhaps plunge him into more choller.

Guyl. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
And stare not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

Guyl. The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirit,
hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guyl. Nay good my Lord, this curtesie is not of the right breede, if
it shall please you to make me a wholsome aunswere, I will doe your
mothers commaundment, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall
be the end of busines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Rof. What my Lord.

Ham. Make you a wholsome answer, my wits diseafd, but sir, such
answere as I can make, you shall commaund, or rather as you say, my
mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Rof. Then thus she sayes, your behaiour hath strooke her into a-
mazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful sonne that can so stonish a mother, but is there
no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration, impart.

Rof. She desires to speake with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any
further trade with vs ?

Rof. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

Rof.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Roff. But my good Lord, shall I intreate thus much?

Ham. I pray will you play vpon this pipe?

Roff. Alas my lord I cannot.

Ham. Pray will you.

Gil. I haue no skill my Lord.

Ham. why looke, it is a thing of nothing,
T'is but stopping of these holes,
And with a little breath from your lips,
It will giue most delicate musick.

Gil. But this cannot wee do my Lord.

Ham. Pray now, pray hartily, I beseech you.

Ros. My lord wee cannot. (me?

Ham. Why how vnworthy a thing would you make of
You would seeme to know my stops, you would play vpon
You would search the very inward part of my hart, mee,
And diue into the secreet of my soule.
• Zownds do you thinke Iam easier to be pla'yd
On, then a pipe? call mee what Instrument
You will, though you can fret me, yet you can not
Play vpon mee, besides, to be demanded by a sponge.

Ros. How a sponge my Lord?

Ham. I sir, a sponge, that sokes vp the kings
Countenance, fauours, and rewardes, that makes
His liberalitie your store house : but such as you,
Do the King, in the end, best seruise;
For hee doth keep you as an Ape doth nuttes,
In the corner of his law, first mouthes you,
Then swallowes you : so when hee hath need
Of you, t'is but queesing of you,
And sponge, you shall be dry againe, you shall.

Ros. Wel my Lord wee'le take our leaue.

Ham. Farewell, farewell, God blesse you.

Exit Rosencraft and Gilderstone.

Enter Corambis

Cor. My lord, the Queene would speake with you.

Ham. Do you see yonder clowd in the shape of a camell?

Cor. T'is like a camell in deed.

Ham. Now me thinkes it's like a weasel.

Cor. T'is back't like a weasell.

Ham. Or like a whale.

Cor. Very like a whale. *exit Coram.*

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ref. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper, you do surely barre the doore vpon your owne liberty if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke aduancement.

Ref. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe for your succession in Denmarke.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I fir, but while the grasse growes, the prouerbe is something musty, ô the Recorders, let mee see one, to withdraw with you, why do you goe about to recouer the wind of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Guy. O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

Ham. I do not wel vnderstand that, wil you play vpon this pipe?

Guy. My lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guy. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. I doe beseech you.

Guy. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying; gouerne these ventages with your fingers, & the vंबर, giue it breath with your mouth, & it wil discourse most eloquent musique, looke you, these are the stops.

Guy. But these cannot I commaund to any vttrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now how vnwoorthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon mee, you would seeme to know my stops, you would plucke out the hart of my mistery, you would sound mee from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musique excellent voyce in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speake, s'bloud do you think I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe, call mee what instrument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God bleffe you fir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queene would speake with you, & presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder clowd that's almost in shape of a Camel?

Pol. By'th masse and tis, like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is backt like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Why then tell my mother i'll come by and by.
Good night Horatio.

Hor. Good night vnto your Lordship. *exit Horatio.*

Ham. My mother she hath sent to speake with me:
O God, let ne're the heart of *Nero* enter
This soft bosome.
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall.
I will speake daggers, those sharpe wordes being spent,

To doe her wrong my soule shall ne're consent. *exit.*

Enter

Prince of Denmarke.

Then I will come to my mother by and by,
 They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,
 Leauē me friends.

I will, say so. By and by is easily said,
 Tis now the very witching time of night,
 When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out
 Contagion to this world : now could I drinke hote blood,
 And doe such busines as the bitter day
 Would quake to looke on : soft, now to my mother,
 O hart loose not thy nature, let not euer
 The foule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome,
 Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
 I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,
 My tongue and foule in this be hypocrites,
 How in my words someuer she be shent,
 To give them seales neuer my foule consent. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Rosencraus, and Gylidensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs
 To let his madnes range, therefore prepare you,
 I your commission will forth-with dispatch,
 And he to *England* shall along with you,
 The termes of our estate may not endure
 Hazerd so neer's as doth hourelly grow
 Out of his browes.

Gyl. We will our selues prouide,
 Most holy and religious feare it is
 To keepe those many many bodies safe
 That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie.

Ros. The single and peculier life is bound
 With all the strength and armour of the mind
 To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more
 That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests
 The liues of many, the cesse of Maiestie
 Dies not alone ; but like a gulfe doth draw
 What's neere it, with it, or it is a mafsie wheele
 Fixt on the somnet of the highest mount,
 To whose hough spokes, tenne thousand lesser things
 Are morteist and adioynd, which when it falls,

Each

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter the King.

King. O that this wet that falles vpon my face
Would wash the crime cleere from my conscience !
When I looke vp to heauen, I see my trespasse,
The earth doth still crie out vpon my fact,
Pay me the murder of a brother and a king,
And the adulterous fault I haue committed:
O these are finnes that are vn Timer pardonable:
Why say thy finnes were blacker then is ieat,
Yet may contrition make them as white as snowe:
I but still to perseuer in a sinne,
It is an act gainst the vniuerfall power,
Most wretched wian, ftoope, bend thee to thy prayer,
Aske grace of heauen to keepe thee from despaire.

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

Each small annexment petty consequence
Attends the boyftrous raine, neuer alone
Did the King figh, but a generall grone.

King. Arme you I pray you to this speedy viage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ref. We will haft vs. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, hee's going to his mothers clofet,
Behind the Arras I'll conuay my felfe
To heare the proceffe, I'll warrant fhee'll tax him home,
And as you fayd, and wifely was it fayd,
Tis meete that fome more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them parcial, fhould ore-heare
The fpeech of vantage; farre you well my Leige,
I'll call vpon you ere you goe to bed.

And tell you what I knowe. *Exit.*

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
O my offence is ranck, it fmels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldeft curfe vppont,
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as fharp as will,
My ftronger guilt defeats my ftrong entent,
And like a man to double bufines bound,
I ftand in pause where I fhall firft beginne,
And both neglect, what if this curfed hand
Were thicker then it felfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the fweete Heauens
To wafh it white as fnowe, whereto ferues mercy
But to confront the vifage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two folde force,
To be foreftalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe, then I'll looke vp.
My fault is paff, but oh what forme of prayer
Can ferue my turne, forgiue me my foule murther,
That cannot be fince I am ftill poffeff
Of thofe effects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;

I.

May

*The Tragedie of Hamlet**he kneeles. enters Hamlet.*

Ham. I so, come forth and worke thy last,
And thus hee dies : and so am I reuenged:

No,not so: he tooke my father sleeping,his sins brim full,

And how his foule stode to the state of heauen
Who knowes, saue the immortall powres,
And shall I kill him now,
When he is purging of his foule?
Making his way for heauen,this is a benefit,

And not reuenge:no, get thee vp agen, (drunke,
When hee's at game swaring, taking his carowfe, drinking
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed,
Or at some act that hath no relish
Of saluation in't, then trip him

That

Prince of Denmarke.

May one be pardond and retaine th'offence ?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offences guilded hand may showe by iustice,
 And oft tis seene the wicked prize it selfe
 Buyes out the lawe, but tis not so aboue,
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In his true nature, and we our selues compeld
 Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults
 To giue in euidence, what then, what rests,
 Try what repentance can, what can it not,
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
 O wretched state, ô bosome blacke as death,
 O limed soule, that strugling to be free,
 Art more ingaged ; helpe Angels make assay,
 Bowe stubborne knees, and hart with strings of steale,
 Be soft as sinnewes of the new borne babe,
 All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
 And now Ile doo't, and so a goes to heauen,
 And so am I reuendge, that would be scand
 A villaine kills my father, and for that,
 I his sole sonne, doe this same villaine send
 To heauen.
 Why, this is base and filly, not reuendge,
 A tooke my father grossly full of bread,
 With all his crimes braod blowne, as flush as May,
 And how his audit stands who knowes faue heauen,
 But in our circumstance and course of thought,
 Tis heauy with him : and am I then reuendged
 To take him in the purging of his soule,
 When he is fit and seasond for his passage ?
 No.
 Vp sword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,
 When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,
 Or in th'incestious pleasure of his bed,
 At game a swearing, or about some act
 That has no relish of saluation in't,

Then

The Tragedie of Hamlet

That his heeles may kicke at heauen,

And fall as lowe as hel: my mother stayes,
This phisicke but prolongs thy weary dayes. *exit Ham.*

King My wordes fly vp, my finnes remaine below.
No King on earth is safe, if Gods his foe. *exit King.*

Enter Queene and Corambis.

Cor. Madame, I heare yong Hamlet comming,
I'le throwde my selfe behinde the Arras. *exit Cor.*

Queene Do so my Lord.

Ham. Mother, mother, O are you here?
How i'ft with you mother?

Queene How i'ft with you?

Ham, I'le tell you, but first wee le make all safe.

Queene Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.

Queene How now boy?

Ham. How now mother! come here, sit downe, for you
shall heare me speake.

Queene What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me :
Helpe hoe.

Cor. Helpe for the Queene.

Ham. I a Rat, dead for a Duckat.
Rafh intruding foole, farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better.

Queene Hamlet, what hast thou done?

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

Then trip him that his heels may kick at heauen,
 And that his soule may be as damnd and black
 As hell whereto it goes; my mother staies,
 This phisick but prolongs thy fickly daies. *Exit.*

King. My words fly vp, thy thoughts remaine belowe
 Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe. *Exit.*

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Pol. A will come strait, looke you lay home to him,
 Tell him his prancks haue beene too braod to beare with,
 And that your grace hath screened and stood betweene
 Much heate and him, I'le filence me euen heere,
 Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile wait you, feare me not,
 With-drawe, I heare him comming.

Ham. Now mother, what's the matter ?

Ger. *Hamlet*, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.

Ger. Come, come, you answere with an idle tongue.

Ham. Goe, goe, you question with a wicked tongue.

Ger. Why how now *Hamlet*?

Ham. What's the matter now ?

Ger. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the rood not so,
 You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
 And would it were not so, you are my mother.

Ger. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge,
 You goe not till I set you vp a glasse
 Where you may see the most part of you.

Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me,
 Helpe how.

Pol. What how helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.

Pol. O I am flaine.

Ger. O me, what hast thou done ?

Ham. Nay I knowe not, is it the King?

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Not so much harme, good mother,
As to kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queene How! kill a king!

Ham. I a King: nay fit you downe, and ere you part,

If you be made of penitrible stuffe,
I'll make your eyes looke downe into your heart,
And see how horride there and blacke it shews. (words?

Queene Hamlet, what mean'st thou by these killing

Ham. Why this I meane, see here, behold this picture,
It is the portraiture, of your deceased husband,

See here a face, to outface *Mars* himselfe,
An eye, at which his foes did tremble at,

A front wherein all vertues are set downe
For to adorne a king, and guild his crowne,
Whose heart went hand in hand euen with that vow,
He made to you in marriage, and he is dead.

Murdred,

Prince of Denmarke.

Ger. O what a rash and bloody deede is this.

Ham. A bloody deede, almost as bad, good mother ..
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Ger. As kill a King.

Ham. I Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farwell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'st to be too busie is some danger,
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace sit you downe,
And let me wring your hart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuffe,
If damned custome haue not braid it so,
That it be prooffe and bulwark against sence.

Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue
In noife so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act

That blurres the grace and blush of modesty,
Cals vertue hippocrit, takes of the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes
As false as dicers oathes, ô such a deede,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soule, and sweet religion makes
A rapsedy of words; heauens face dooes glowe
Ore this solidity and compound masse
With heated visage, as against the doome
Is thought sick at the act

Quee. Ay me, what act?

Ham. That roares so low'd, and thunders in the Index,
Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was seated on this browe,
Hiperions curles, the front of *Ioue* himselfe,
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald *Mercury*,
New lighted on a heaue, a kissing hill,
A combination and a forme indeede,
Where euery God did seeme to set his seale
To giue the world assurance of a man,

This

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Murdred, damnably murdred, this was your husband,
 Looke you now, here is your husband,
 With a face like *Vulcan*.
 A looke fit for a murder and a rape,
 A dull dead hanging looke, and a hell-bred eie,
 To affright children and amaze the world:

And this fame haue you left to change with this.

What Diuell thus hath cofoned you at hob-man blinde?
 A! haue you eyes and can you looke on him
 That slew my father, and your deere husband,
 To liue in the incestuous pleasure of his bed?

Queene O Hamlet, speake no more.

Ham. To leaue him that bare a Monarkes minde,
 For a king of clowts, of very shreads.

Queene Sweete Hamlet cease.

Ham. Nay but still to perfist and dwell in sinne,
 To sweate vnder the yoke of infamie,
 To make increase of shame, to seale damnation.

Queene Hamlet, no more.

Ham. Why appetite with you is in the waine,
 Your blood runnes backward now from whence it came,
 Who'le chide hote blood within a Virgins heart,
 When lust shall dwell within a matron's breast?

Queene

Prince of Denmarke.

This was your husband, looke you now what followes,
 Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,
 Blasting his wholsome brother, haue you eyes,
 Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,
 And batten on this Moore ; ha, haue you eyes ?
 You cannot call it loue, for at your age
 The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits vppon the iudgement, and what iudgement
 Would step from this to this, sence sure youe haue
 Els could you not haue motion, but sure that sence
 Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre
 Nor sence to extacie was nere so thral'd
 But it referu'd some quantity of choise
 To serue in such a difference, what deuill waft
 That thus hath cofund you at hodman blind ;
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without fight,
 Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling sance all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sence
 Could not so mope : ô shame where is thy blush ?
 Rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
 To flaming youth let vertue be as wax
 And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
 When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,
 Since frost it selfe as actiue doth burne,
 And reason pardons will.

Ger. O *Hamlet* speake no more,
 Thou turnst my very eyes into my soule,
 And there I see such blacke and greued spots
 As will leaue there their tin'et.

Ham. Nay but to liue
 In the ranck sweate of an infeemed bed
 Stewed in corruption, honying, and making loue
 Ouer the nasty stie.

Ger. O speake to me no more,
 These words like daggers enter in my eares,
 No more sweete *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,
 A slaue that is not twentieth part the kyth

The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 64]

Queene Hamlet, thou cleaves my heart in twaine.*Ham.* O throw away the worser part of it, and keepe the better.*Enter the ghost in his night gowne.*

Saue me, saue me, you gracious
 Powers aboue, and houer ouer mee,
 With your celestially wings.
 Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
 That I thus long haue let reuenge slippe by?
 O do not glare with lookes so pittifull!
 Left that my heart of stone yeelde to compassion,
 And euery part that should assist reuenge,
 Forgoe their proper powers, and fall to pittie.

Ghost Hamlet, I once againe appeare to thee,
 To put thee in remembrance of my death:
 Doe not neglect, nor long time put it off.
 But I perceiue by thy distracted lookes,
 Thy mother's fearefull, and she stands amazde:
 Speake to her Hamlet, for her sex is weake,
 Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, thinke on me.

Ham. How i't with you Lady?

Queene Nay, how i't with you
 That thus you bend your eyes on vacancie,
 And holde discourse with nothing but with ayre?

Ham. Why doe you nothing heare?*Queene* Not I.*Ham.* Nor do you nothing see?*Queene* No neither.*Ham.*

Prince of Denmarke.

Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
 A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
 That from a shelve the precious Diadem stole
 And put it in his pocket.

Ger. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches,
 Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
 You heauenly gards : what would your gracious figure ?

Ger. Alas hee's mad.

Ham. Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
 That lap't in time and passion lets goe by
 Th'important acting of your dread command, ô say.

Ghost. Doe not forget, this visitation
 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,
 But looke, amazement on thy mother sits,
 O step betweene her, and her fighting soule,
 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,
 Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you Lady ?

Ger. Alas how i't with you ?

That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
 And with th'incorporall ayre doe hold discourse,
 Foorth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
 And as the sleeping souldiers in th'alarme,
 Your bedded haire like life in excrements
 Start vp and stand an end, ô gentle sonne
 Vpon the heat and flame of thy distemper
 Sprinckle coole patience, whereon doe you looke. ?

Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
 His forme and cause conioynd, preaching to stones
 Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
 Least with this pittious action you conuert
 My stearne effects, then what I haue to doe
 Will want true cullour, teares perchance for blood.

Ger. To whom doe you speake this ?

Ham. Doe you see nothing there ?

Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare ?

Ger. No nothing but our selues.

Ham.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. No, why see the king my father, my father, in the (habite
 As he liued, looke you how pale he lookes,
 See how he steales away out of the Portall,
 Looke, there he goes. *exit ghost.*

Queene Alas, it is the weaknesse of thy braine,
 Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts grieve:
 But as I haue a soule, I sweare by heauen,
 I neuer knew of this most horride murder:
 But Hamlet, this is onely fantasie,
 And for my loue forget these idle fits.

Ham. Idle, no mother, my pulse doth beate like yours,
 It is not madnesse that possesseth Hamlet.
 O mother, if euer you did my deare father loue,

Forbeare the adulterous bed to night,
 And win your selfe by little as you may,
 In time it may be you will lothe him quite:
 And mother, but affist mee in reuenge,
 And in his death your infamy shall die.

Queene

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,
My father in his habit as he liued,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall. *Exit Ghost.*

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodiless creation extacie is very cunning in.

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull musicke, it is not madnesse
That I haue vttered, bring me to the test,
And the matter will reword, which madnesse
Would gambole from, mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your foule,
That not your trespassse but my madnesse speakes,
It will but skin and filme the vlcerous place
Whiles ranck corruption mining all within
Infects vnseene, confesse your selfe to heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,
And doe not spread the compost on the weedes
To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue,
For in the fatnesse of these pursie times
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.

Ger. O *Hamlet* thou hast cleft my hart in twaine.

[See p. 63 I]

Ham. O throwe away the worser part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
Assune a vertue if you haue it not,
That monster custome, who all fence doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vse of actions faire and good,
He likewise giues a frock or Liuary
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that shall lend a kind of easines
To the next abstinence, the next more easie:
For vse almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either the deuill, or throwe him out
With wonderous potency: once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest
He blessing beg of you, for this same Lord
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleas'd it so

To

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Queene Hamlet, I vow by that maiefty,
 That knowes our thoughts, and lookes into our hearts,
 I will conceale, consent, and doe my best,
 What stratagem soe're thou shalt deuise.

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

To punish me with this, and this with me,
 That I must be their scourge and minister,
 I will bestowe him and will answere well
 The death I gaue him ; so againe good night
 I must be cruell only to be kinde,
 This bad beginnes, and worse remains behind.
 One word more good Lady.

Ger. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
 Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,
 Pinch wanton on your cheekke, call you his Mousse,
 And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,
 Or padding in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
 Make you to rouell all this matter out
 That I essentially am not in madnesse,
 But mad in craft, t'were good you let him knowe,
 For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
 Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,
 Such deare concernings hide, who would doe so,
 No, in dispiht of sence and secrecy,
 Vnpeg the basket on the houses top,
 Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
 To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
 And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath
 And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
 What thou hast say'd to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you knowe that.

Ger. Alack I had forgot.

Tis so concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters seald, and my two Schoolefellowes,
 Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
 They beare the mandat, they must sweep my way
 And marshall me to knauery : let it worke,
 For tis the sport to haue the engineer
 Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
 But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
 And blowe them at the Moone : ô tis most sweete
 When in one line two crafts directly meete,

This

The Tragedie of Hamlet

That knowes our thoughts, and lookes into our hearts,
 I will conceale, consent, and doe my best,
 What stratagem soe're thou shalt deuise.

Ham. It is enough, mother good night:
 Come fir, I'le prouide for you a graue,
 Who was in life a foolish prating knaue.

Exit Hamlet with the dead body.

Enter the King and Lordes.

King Now Gertred, what sayes our sonne, how doe you finde him?

Queene Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
 Whenas he came, I first bespake him faire,
 But then he throwes and toffes me about,
 As one forgetting that I was his mother:
 At last I call'd for help : and as I cried, *Corambis*
 Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
 Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
 The good olde man he killes.

King Why this his madnesse will vndoe our state.

Lordes

Prince of Denmarke.

This man shall set me packing,
 Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;
 Mother good night indeed, this Counsayler
 Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
 Who was in life a most foolish prating knaue.
 Come fir, to draw toward an end with you.
 Good night mother. *Exit.*

*Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencraus
 and Guyldensterne.*

King. There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaues,
 You must translate, tis fit we vnderstand them,
 Where is your sonne?

Ger. Bestow this place on vs a little while.
 Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I seene to night?

King. What *Gertrard*, how dooes *Hamlet*?

Ger. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
 Which is the mightier, in his lawlesse fit,
 Behind the Arras hearing some thing stirre,
 Whyps out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
 And in this brainish apprehension kills
 The vnseene good old man.

King. O heauy deede!
 It had beene so with vs had wee been there,
 His libertie is full of threates to all,
 To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,
 Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answer'd?
 It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
 Should haue kept short, refrained, and out of haunt
 This mad young man; but so much was our loue,
 We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
 But like the owner of a soule disease
 To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
 Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Ger. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
 Ore whom, his very madnes like some ore
 Among a minerall of mettals base,
 Showes it selfe pure, a weepes for what is done.

King. O *Gertrard*, come away,

K.

The

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Lords goe to him, inquire the body out.

Gil. We will my Lord. *Exeunt Lords.*

King Gertred, your sonne shall presently to England,
His shipping is already furnished,
And we haue sent by *Rossencraft* and *Gilderstone*,
Our letters to our deare brother of England,
For Hamlets welfare and his happinesse:
Happly the aire and climate of the Country
May please him better than his native home:
See where he comes.

Gil.

Prince of Denmarke.

The funne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,
 But we will ship him hence, and this vile deede
 We must with all our Maiestie and skill *Enter Ros. & Guild.*
 Both countenance and excuse. Ho *Guyldensterne*,
 Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,
Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* slaine,
 And from his mothers closet hath he dreg'd him,
 Goe seeke him out, speake fayre, and bring the body
 Into the Chappell; I pray you hast in this,
 Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wisest friends,
 And let them know both what we meane to doe
 And whats vntimely doone,
 Whose whisper ore the worlds dyameter,
 As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,
 Transports his poynded shot, may misse our Name,
 And hit the woundlesse ayre, ô come away,
 My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, and others.

Ham. Safely stowd, but soft, what noyse, who calls on *Hamlet*?
 O heere they come.

Ros. What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compound it with dust whereto tis kin.

Ros. Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,
 And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Doe not beleeeue it.

Ros. Beleeeue what.

Ham. That I can keepe your counsaile & not mine owne, besides
 to be demanded of a sponge, what replycation should be made by
 the sonne of a King.

Ros. Take you me for a sponge my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that fokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his
 authorities, but such Officers doe the King best seruice in the end, he
 keepes them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be
 last swallowed, when hee needs what you haue gleand, it is but squee-
 fing you, and sponge you shall be dry againe.

Ros. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleepees in a foolish eare.

Ros. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and goe with vs
 to the King.

Hamlet.

*The Tragedie of Hamlet**Enter Hamlet and the Lordes.*

Gil. My lord, we can by no meanes
Know of him where the body is.

King Now sonne Hamlet, where is this dead body?

Ham. At supper, not where he is eating, but
Where he is eaten, a certaine company of politicke wormes
are euen now at him.

Father, your fatte King, and your leane Beggar
Are but variable seruices, two dishes to one messe:
Looke you, a man may fish with that worme
That hath eaten of a King,
And a Beggar eate that fish,
Which that worme hath caught.

King What of this?

Ham. Nothing father, but to tell you, how a King
May go a progresse through the guttes of a Beggar.

King

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing.

Guyl. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the body,
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the distracted multitude,
VVho like not in their iudgement, but theyr eyes,
And where tis so, th'offenders scourge is wayed
But neuer the offence : to beare all smooth and euen,
This suddaine sending him away must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperat growne,
By desperat aplyance are relieu'd
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befallne ?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestowd my Lord

VVe cannot get from him.

King. But where is hee ?

Ros. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleasure

King. Bring him before vs.

Ros. How, bring in the Lord. *They enter.*

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius* ?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper, where.

Ham. Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certaine conuacation of politique wormes are een at him : your worme is your onely Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures els to fat vs, and wee fat our selues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but variable seruice, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas, alas.

Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a King, & eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme.

King. *King.* VVhat doost thou meane by this ?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may goe a progresse through

The Tragedie of Hamlet

King But sonne *Hamlet*, where is this body?

Ham. In heau'n, if you chance to misse him there,
Father, you had best looke in the other partes below
For him, and if you cannot finde him there,
You may chance to nose him as you go vp the lobby.

King Make haste and finde him out.

Ham. Nay doe you heare? do not make too much haste,
I'll warrant you hee'll stay till you come.

King Well sonne *Hamlet*, we in care of you; but specially
in tender preferuation of your health,
The which we price euen as our proper selfe,
It is our minde you forthwith goe for *England*,
The winde fits faire, you shall aboorde to night.
Lord Rossencraft and *Gilderstone* shall goe along with you.

Ham. O with all my heart: farewel mother.

King Your louing father, *Hamlet*.

Ham. My mother I say: you married my mother,
My mother is your wife, man and wife is one flesh,
And so (my mother) farewel: for *England* hoe.

exeunt all but the king.

king Gertred, leaue me,
And take your leaue of *Hamlet*,
To *England* is he gone, ne're to returne:
Our Letters are vnto the King of *England*,
That on the fight of them, on his allegiance,
He presently without demanding why,
That *Hamlet* loose his head, for he must die,
There's more in him than shallow eyes can see:

He

Prince of Denmarke.

through the guts of a begger.

King. Where is *Polonius*?

Ham. In heauen, send thether to see, if your messenger finde him not thre, seeke him i'th other place your selfe, but if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you goe vp the stayres into the Lobby.

King. Goe seeke him there.

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. *Hamlet* this deede for thine especial safety Which we doe tender, as we deerely grieue For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence. Therefore prepare thy selfe, The Barck is ready, and the wind at helpe, Th'affociats tend, and euery thing is bent For *England*.

Ham. For *England*.

King. I *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees the, but come for *England*, Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet*.

Ham. My mother, Father and Mother is man and wife, Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother : Come for *England*. *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foote, Tempt him with speede aboard, Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night. Away, for euery thing is seald and done That els leanes on th'affayre, pray you make hast, And *England*, if my loue thou hold'st at ought, As my great power thereof may giue thee sence, Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red, After the Danish sword; and thy free awe Payes homage to vs, thou may'st not coldly set Our soueraigne processe, which imports at full By Letters congruing to that effect The present death of *Hamlet*, doe it *England*, For like the Hectique in my blood he rages,

And

The Tragedie of Hamlet

He once being dead, why then our state is free. *exit.*

Enter Fortenbrasse, Drumme and Souldiers.

Fort. Captaine, from vs goe greete

The king of Denmarke:

Tell him that *Fortenbrasse* nephew to old *Norway*,

Craues a free passe and conduct ouer his land,

According to the Articles agreed on:

You know our *Randevous*, goe march away. *exennt all.*

enter

Prince of Denmarke.

And thou must cure me; till I knowe tis done,
How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere begin. *Exit.*

Enter Fortinbrasse with his Army ouer the stage.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
Tell him, that by his lycence *Fortinbrasse*
Craues the conueyance of a promised march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the randeuous,
If that his Maiestie would ought with vs,
We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't my Lord.

For. Goe softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, &c.

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of *Norway* sir.

Ham. How purposed sir I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commaunds them sir?

Cap. The Nephew to old *Norway*, *Fortenbrasse*.

Ham. Goes it against the maine of *Poland* sir,
Or for some frontire?

Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it;
Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A rancker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garifond.

Ham. Two thousand foules, & twenty thousand duckets
Vill not debate the question of this straw,
This is th'Impostume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes, and shewes no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.

Cap. God buy you sir.

Ros. Wil't please you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a little before.
How all occasions doe informe against me,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

enter King and Queene.

King Hamlet is ship't for England, fare him well,
I hope to heare good newes from thence ere long,

If

Prince of Denmarke.

And spur my dull reuenge. What is a man
 If his chiefe good and market of his time
 Be but to sleepe and feede, a beast, no more :
 Sure he that made vs with such large discourse
 Looking before and after, gaue vs not
 That capabilitie and god-like reason
 To fust in vs vnuſd, now whether it be
 Bestiall obliuion, or some crauen scruple
 Of thinking too precisely on th'euent,
 A thought which quarterd hath but one part wifedom,
 And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
 Why yet I liue to ſay this thing's to doe,
 Sith I haue cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and meanes
 To doo't; examples groſſe as earth exhort me,
 Witnes this Army of ſuch maſſe and charge,
 Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
 Whoſe ſpirit with diuine ambition puſt,
 Makes mouthes at the inviſible euent,
 Expoſing what is mortall, and vnſure,
 To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
 Euen for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,
 Is not to ſtirre without great argument,
 But greatly to find quarrell in a ſtraw
 When honour's at the ſtake, how ſtand I then
 That haue a father kild, a mother ſtaind,
 Excytements of my reaſon, and my blood,
 And let all sleepe, while to my ſhame I ſee
 The imminent death of twenty thouſand men,
 That for a fantaſie and tricke of fame
 Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
 Which is not tombe enough and continent
 To hide the ſtaine, ô from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not ſpeake with her.

Gent. Shee is importunat,
 Indeede diſtract, her moode will needes be pittied.

Quee.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

If euery thing fall out to our content,
As I doe make no doubt but so it shall.

Queene God grant it may, heau'ns keep my *Hamlet* safe:
But this mischance of olde *Corambis* death,
Hath pierfed so the yong *Ofeliaes* heart,
That she, poore maide, is quite bereft her wittes.

King Alas deere heart! And on the other side,
We vnderftand her brother's come from *France*,
And he hath halfe the heart of all our Land,
And hardly hee'le forget his fathers death,
Vnleffe by fome meanes he be pacified.

Qu. O see where the yong *Ofelia* is!

*Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her haire
downe finging.*

Ofelia How should I your true loue know
From another man?
By his cockle hatte, and his staffe,
And his sandall shoone.
White his throwde as mountaine snowe,
Larded with sweete flowers,
That bewept to the graue did not goe
With true louers showres:
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasse greene turffe,
At his heeles a stone.

king How i't with you sweete *Ofelia*?
Ofelia Well God yeeld you.

It

Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. What would she haue?

Gent. She speakes much of her father, sayes she heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beates her hart,
Spurnes enuioufly at strawes, speakes things in doubt
That carry but halfe fence, her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words vp fit to theyr owne thoughts,
Which as her wincks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing sure, yet much vnshappily.

Hora. Twere good she were spoken with, for shee may strew
Dangerous coniectures in ill breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. 'To my sicke soule, as finnes true nature is,
'Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,
'So full of artlesse ielousie is guilt,
'It spils it selfe in fearing to be spylt.

Oph. Where is the beautious Maieftie of Denmarke?

Quee. How now *Ophelia*? *shee sings,*

Oph. How should I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shoone.

Quee. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,
He is dead & gone Lady, he is dead and gone, *Song.*
At his head a grasgreene turph, at his heeles a stone.
O ho.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia*.

Oph. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountaine snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alas looke heere my Lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which beweept to the ground did not go *Song.*
With true loue showers,

King. How doe you pretty Lady?

Oph. Well good dild you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daugh-
ter, Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be.
God be at your table.

King.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

It grieues me to see how they laid him in the cold ground,
I could not chuse but weepe:

[See p. II 76]

And will he not come againe?

And will he not come againe?

No, no, hee's gone, and we cast away mone,

And he neuer will come againe.

His beard as white as snowe:

All flaxen was his pole,

He is dead, he is gone,

And we cast away moane:

God a mercy on his soule.

And of all christen foules I pray God.

God be with you Ladies, God be with you. *exit Ofelia.*

king A pretty wretch! this is a change indeede:

O Time, how swiftly runnes our ioyes away?

Content on earth was neuer certaine bred,

To day we laugh and liue, to morrow dead.

How

Prince of Denmarke.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Oph. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you [See p. 76 I]
what it meanes, say you this.

To morrow is S. Valentines day, *Song.*

All in the morning betime,

And I a mayde at your window

To be your Valentine. [See p. 77 I]

Then vp he rose, and dond his clofe, and dupt the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Oph. Indeede without an oath Ile make an end on't,

By gis and by Saint Charitie,

alack and fie for shame,

Young men will doo't if they come too't,

by Cock they are too blame.

Quoth she, Before you tumbled me, you promised me to wed,

(He answers.) So would I a done by yonder sunne

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she beene thus ?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chuse
but weepe to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground, my brother
shall know of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsaile. Come
my Coach, God night Ladies, god night.

Sweet Ladyes god night, god night.

King. Follow her clofe, giue her good watch I pray you.

O this is the poyson of deepe griefe, it springs all from her Fathers
death, and now behold, ô *Gertrard, Gertrard,*

When sorrowes come, they come not single spies,

But in battalians: first her Father slaine,

Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent Author

Of his owne iust remoue, the people muddied

Thick and vnwholfome in thoughts, and whifpers

For good *Polonius* death: and we haue done but greenly

In hugger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*

Deuided from herselfe, and her faire iudgement,

VVithout the which we are pictures, or meere beasts,

Last, and as much contayning as all these,

Her brother is in secret come from Fraunce,

Feeds on this wonder, keeps himselfe in clowdes,

And

The Tragedie of Hamlet

How now, what noyse is that?

A noyse within. enter Leartes.

Lear. Stay there vntill I come,

O thou vilde king, giue me my father:
Speake, say, where's my father?

king

Prince of Denmarke.

And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
 With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
 Wherein necessity of matter beggerd,
 Will nothing stick our person to arraigne
 In eare and eare : ô my deare *Gertrard*, this
 Like to a murdring peece in many places
 Giues me superfluous death. *A noise within.*

Enter a Messenger.

King. Attend, where is my Swiflers, let them guard the doore,
 What is the matter ?

Messen. Saue your selfe my Lord.
 The Ocean ouer-peering of his list
 Eates not the flats with more impitious haft
 Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head
 Ore-beares your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,
 And as the world were now but to beginne,
 Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,
 The ratifiers and props of euery word,
 The cry choose we, *Laertes* shall be King,
 Caps, hands, and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.
Quee. How cheerefully on the false traile they cry. *A noise within.*
 O this is counter you false Danish dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.
Laer. Where is this King? firs stand you all without.
All. No lets come in.
Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.
All. VVe will, we will.
Laer. I thanke you, keepe the doore, ô thou vile King,
 Giue me my father.
Quee. Calmely good *Laertes*.
Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclames me Bastard,
 Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
 Euen heere betweene the chaff vnsmirched browe
 Of my true mother.

King. VVhat is the cause *Laertes*
 That thy rebellion lookes so gyant like ?

L. .

Let

The Tragedie of Hamlet

king Dead.

Lear. Who hath mured him? speake, i'le not
Be juggled with, for he is mured.

Queene True, but not by him.

Lear. By whome, by heau'n I'le be resolued.

king Let him goe *Gertred*, away, I feare him not,
There's such diuinitie doth wall a king,
That treason dares not looke on.
Let him goe *Gertred*, that your father is mured,
T'is true, and we most sory for it,
Being the chiefeft pillar of our state:
Therefore will you like a most desperate gamster,
Swoop-stake-like, draw at friend, and foe, and all?

Lear. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope mine arms,

And locke them in my hart, but to his foes,

I will no reconcilement but by blood.

king Why now you speake like a most louing sonne:
And that in foule we sorrow for for his death,
Your selfe ere long shall be a witnesse,
Meane while be patient, and content your selfe.

Enter Ofelia as before.

Lear.

Prince of Denmarke.

Let him goe *Gertrard*, doe not feare our perfon,
 There's fuch diuinitie doth hedge a King,
 That treason can but peepe to what it would,
 Aft's little of his will, tell me *Laertes*
 Why thou art thus incenft, let him goe *Gertrard*.
 Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father ?

King. Dead.

Quee. But not by him.

King. Let him demaund his fill.

Laer. How came he dead, I'le not be iugled with,
 To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackeft deuill,
 Conscience and grace to the profoundeft pit
 I dare damnation, to this poynt I ftand,
 That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
 Let come what comes, onely I'le be reueng'd
 Moft thoroughly for my father.

King. Who fhall ftay you ?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds :
 And for my meanes I'le husband them fo well,
 They fhall goe farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*, if you defire to know the certainty
 Of your deere Father, i't ft writ in your reuenge,
 That fcoopftake, you will draw both friend and foe
 Winner and loofer.

Laer. None but his enemies,

King. Will you know them then ?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes,
 And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,
 Repaft them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
 Like a good child, and a true Gentleman.
 That I am guiltleffe of your fathers death,
 And am moft fencibly in grieve for it,
 It fhall as leuell to your iudgement peare
 As day dooes to your eye. *A noyfe within.*

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
 How now, what noyfe is that ?

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Lear. Who's this, *Ofelia*? O my deere sifter!
 I'tt poffible a yong maides life,
 Should be as mortall as an olde mans fawe?
 O heau'ns themfelues! how now *Ofelia*?

Ofel. Wel God a mercy, I a bin gathering of floures:
 Here, here is rew for you,
 You may call it hearb a grace a Sundayes,
 Heere's some for me too: you muft weare your rew
 With a difference, there's a dazie.
 Here Loue, there's rofemary for you
 For remembrance: I pray Loue remember,
 And there's pansy for thoughts.

Lear. A document in madnes, thoughts, remembrance:
 O God, O God!

Ofelia There is fennell for you, I would a giu'n you
 Some violets, but they all withered, when
 My father died: alas, they fay the owle was
 A Bakers daughter, we fee what we are,
 But can not tell what we fhall be.
 For bonny sweete Robin is all my ioy.

Lear. Thoughts & afflictions, torments worfe than hell.

[See p. II 73] *Ofel.* Nay Loue, I pray you make no words of this now:
 I pray now, you fhall fing a downe,
 And you a downe a, t'is a the Kings daughter
 And the falfe fteward, and if any body
 Aske you of any thing, fay you this.
 To morrow is faint Valentines day,
 All in the morning betime,

And

Prince of Denmarke.

O heate dry vp my braines, teares seauen times falt
 Burne out the fence and vertue of mine eye,
 By heauen thy madnes shall be payd with weight
 Tell our scale turne the beame, O Rose of May,
 Deere mayd, kind sifter, sweet *Ophelia*,
 O heauens, ist possible a young maids wits
 Should be as mortall as a poore mans life.

Oph. They bore him bare-faste on the Beere, *Song.*
 And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
 Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and did'st perfwade reuenge
 It could not mooue thus.

Oph. You must sing a downe a downe,
 And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
 It is the false Steward that stole his Maisters daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Oph. There's Rosemary, thats for remembrance, pray you loue re-
 member, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rewe for
 you, & heere's some for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondaies,
 you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Daisie, I would
 giue you some Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed,
 they say a made a good end.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and afflictions, passion, hell it selfe
 She turnes to fauour and to prettines.

Oph. And wil a not come againe, *Song.*

[See p. 73 I]

And wil a not come againe,

No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,

He neuer will come againe.

His beard was as white as snow,

Flaxen was his pole,

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,

God a mercy on his soule, and of all Christians foules,

God buy you.

Laer. Doe you this ô God.

King. *Laertes*, I must commune with your grieve,
 Or you deny me right, goe but apart,

L2

Make

The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 73] And a maide at your window,
 To be your Valentine :
 The yong man rofe, and dan'd his clothes,
 And dupt the chamber doore,
 Let in the maide, that out a maide
 Neuer departed more.
 Nay I pray marke now,
 By gisse, and by saint Charitie,
 Away, and fie for shame :
 Yong men will doo't when they come too't:
 By cocke they are too blame.
 Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
 You promised me to wed.
 So would I a done, by yonder Sunne,
 If thou hadst not come to my bed.
 So God be with you all, God bwy Ladies.
 God bwy you Loue. *exit Ofelia.*

Lear. Grief vpon griefe, my father murdered,
 My sifter thus distracted:
 Curfed be his soule that wrought this wicked act.

king Content you good Leartes for a time,
 Although I know your griefe is as a floud,
 Brimme full of sorrow, but forbear a while,
 And thinke already the reuenge is done
 On him that makes you such a haplesse sonne.

Lear. You haue preuail'd my Lord, a while I'le striue,
 To bury griefe within a tombe of wrath,
 Which once vnhearsed, then the world shall heare
 Leartes had a father he held deere.

king No more of that, ere many dayes be done,
 You shall heare that you do not dreame vpon. *exeunt om.*

Enter Horatio and the Queene.

Hor. Madame, your sonne is safe arriv'de in *Denmarke*,
 This letter I euen now receiv'd of him,
 Whereas he writes how he escap't the danger,
 And subtile treason that the king had plotted,
 Being crossed by the contention of the windes,
 He found the Packet sent to the king of *England*,
 Wherein he saw himfelfe betray'd to death,

As

Prince of Denmarke.

Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
 And they shall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
 If by direct, or by colaturall hand
 They find vs toucht, we will our kingdome giue,
 Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
 To you in satisfaction ; but if not,
 Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
 And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
 To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
 No trophe sword, nor hatchment ore his bones,
 No noble right, nor formall ostentation,
 Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
 That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall,

And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.

I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. VVhat are they that would speake with me ?

Gent. Sea-faring men fir, they say they haue Letters for you.

Hora. Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted. If not from Lord *Hamlet.* *Enter Saylers.*

Say. God bleffe you fir.

Hora. Let him bleffe thee to.

Say. A shall fir and please him, there's a Letter for you fir, it came
 fro th'Embassador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Ho-*
ratio, as I am let to know it is.

Hora. *Horatio*, when thou shalt haue ouer-lookt this, giue these fel-
 lowes some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him : Ere wee
 were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue
 vs chafe, finding our selues too slow of faile, wee put on a compelled
 valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the instant they got
 cleere of our shyp, so I alone became theyr prisoner, they haue dealt
 with me like thieues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to
 doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and
 repayre thou to me with as much speede as thou wouldst flie death,
 I haue wordes to speake in thine eare will make thee dumbe, yet are they
 they

The Tragedie of Hamlet

As at his next conuerſion with your grace,
He will relate the circumſtance at full.

Queene Then I perceiue there's treaſon in his lookes
That ſeem'd to ſugar o're his villainie:
But I will ſoothe and pleaſe him for a time,
For murderous mindes are alwayes jealous,
But know not you *Horatio* where he is?

Hor. Yes Madame, and he hath appoynted me
To meeete him on the eaſt ſide of the Cittie
To morrow morning.

Queene O faile not, good *Horatio*, and withall, com-
A mothers care to him, bid him a while (mend me
Be wary of his preſence, leſt that he
Faile in that he goes about.

Hor. Madam, neuer make doubt of that:
I thinke by this the news be come to court:
He is arriv'de, obſerue the king, and you ſhall
Quickely finde, *Hamlet* being here,
Things fell not to his minde.

Queene But what became of *Gilderſtone* and *Roffencraft*?

Hor. He being ſet aſhore, they went for *England*,
And in the Packet there writ down that doome
To be perform'd on them poynted for him:
And by great chance he had his fathers Seale,
So all was done without diſcouerie.

Queene Thankes be to heauen for bleſſing of the prince,
Horatio once againe I take my leaue,
With thouſand mothers bleſſings to my ſonne.

Horat. Madam adue.

Enter King and Leartes.

King.

Prince of Denmarke.

they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellows
will bring thee where I am, *Rosencraus* and *Guyldensterne* hold theyr
course for *England*, of them I haue much to tell thee, farewell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Hor. Come I will you way for these your letters,
And doo't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquaintance feale,
And you must put me in your hart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares : but tell mee
Why you proceede not against these feates
So criminall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safetie, greatnes, wisdom, all things els
You mainly were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnfinnow'd,
But yet to mee tha'r strong, the Queene his mother
Liues almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it eyther which,
She is so concliue to my life and soule,
That as the starre mooues not but in his sphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in theyr affection,
Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Conuert his Giues to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly tymberd for so loued Arm'd,
Would haue reuerted to my bowe againe,
But not where I haue aym'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a noble father lost,
A sister driuen into desprat termes,
Whose worth, if prayes may goe backe againe

L 3.

Stood

The Tragedie of Hamlet

King. Hamlet from *England!* is it possible?
What chance is this? they are gone, and he come home.

Lear. O he is welcome, by my soule he is:
At it my iocund heart doth leape for ioy,
That I shall liue to tell him, thus he dies.

king Leartes, content your selfe, be rulde by me,
And you shall haue no let for your reuenge.

Lear. My will, not all the world.

King Nay but Leartes, marke the plot I haue layde,
I haue heard him often with a greedy wish,
Vpon some praise that he hath heard of you
Touching your weapon, which with all his heart,
He might be once tasked for to try your cunning.

Lea. And how for this?

King Mary Leartes thus : I'le lay a wager,
Shalbe on *Hamlets* side, and you shall giue the oddes,
The which will draw him with a more desire,
To try the maiftry, that in twelue venies
You gaine not three of him : now this being granted,
When you are hot in midst of all your play,
Among the foyles shall a keene rapier lie,
Steeped in a mixture of deadly poyson,
That if it drawes but the leaft dramme of blood,

In any part of him, he cannot liue:

This

Prince of Denmarke.

Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepees for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stufte so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime, you shortly shall heare more,
I loued your father, and we loue our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Messen. These to your Maiestie, this to the Queene?

King. From *Hamlet*, who brought them?

Mess. Saylers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiued them
Of him that brought them.

King. *Laertes* you shall heare them : leaue vs.
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom,
to morrow shall I begge leaue to see your kingly eyes, when I shal first
asking your pardon, there-vnto recount the occasion of my suddaine
returne.

King. What should this meane, are all the rest come backe,
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. Tis *Hamlets* character. Naked,
And in a postscript heere he says alone,
Can you deuise me?

Laer. I am lost in it my Lord, but let him come,
It warms the very sicknes in my hart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth
Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so *Laertes*,
As how should it be so, how otherwise,
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I my Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned
As the King at his voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it, I will worke him
To an exployt, now ripe in my deuise,
Vnder the which he shall not choofe but fall :

And

The Tragedie of Hamlet

This being done will free you from suspition,
And not the deereft friend that *Hamlet* lov'de
Will euer haue *Lear*tes in fufpect.

Lear.

Prince of Denmarke.

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practife,
And call it accedent.

Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuife it fo
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You haue beene talkt of since your trauaile much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a qualitie
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such enuie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthieft siedge.

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very ribaud in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull to, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and carelesse liuery that it weares
Then settled age, his fables, and his weedes
Importing health and grauenes; two months since
Heere was a gentleman of *Normandy*,
I haue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,
And they can well on horsebacke, but this gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his seate,
And to such wondrous dooing brought his horse,
As had he beene incorp't, and demy natur'd
With the braue beaust, so farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgerie of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman wast?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Vppon my life *Lamord*.

King. The very fame.

Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed
And Iem of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gaue you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especiall,
That he cride out t'would be a fight indeed

If

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[I

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Prince of Denmarke.

If one could match you; the Scrimures of their nation
 He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
 If you opposd them; fir this report of his
 Did *Hamlet* so enuenom with his enuy,
 That he could nothing doe but wish and beg
 Your sodaine comming ore to play with you.
 Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my Lord?

King. *Laertes* was your father deare to you?
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrowe,
 A face without a hart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,
 But that I knowe, loue is begunne by time,
 And that I see in passages of prooffe,
 Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it,
 There liues within the very flame of loue
 A kind of weeke or snufe that will abate it,
 And nothing is at a like goodnes still,
 For goodnes growing to a plurisie,
 Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
 We should doe when we would: for this would changes,
 And hath abatements and delayes as many,
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
 And then this should is like a spend thirfts sigh,
 That hurts by easing; but to the quick of th'vlcer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you vndertake
 To shoue your selfe indeede your fathers sonne
 More then in words?

Laer. To cut his thraot i'th Church.

King. No place indeede should murther sanctuarise,
 Reuendge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
 Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall knowe you are come home,
 Weele put on those shall praise your excellence,
 And set a double varnish on the fame
 The french man gaue you, bring you in fine together
 And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,
 Most generous, and free from all contriuing,

Will

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Lear. My lord, I like it well:
But say lord *Hamlet* should refuse this match.

King I'le warrant you, wee'le put on you
Such a report of singularity,
Will bring him on, although against his will.
And lest that all should misse,
I'le haue a potion that shall ready stand,
In all his heate when that he calles for drinke,

Shall be his period and our happinesse.

Lear. T'is excellent, O would the time were come!
Here comes the *Queene.* *enter the Queene.*
king How now *Gertred*, why looke you heauily?

Queene O my Lord, the yong *Ofelia*
Hauing made a garland of sundry sortes of floures,
Sitting vpon a willow by a brooke,

The

Prince of Denmarke.

Will not peruse the foyles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword vnbad, and in a pace of practise
Requite him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,
And for purpose, Ile annoynt my sword.
I bought an vnction of a Mountibanck
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death
That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, it may be death.

King. Lets further thinke of this.
Wey what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should fayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not assayed, therefore this proiect,
Should haue a back or second that might hit
If this did blast in prooffe; soft let me see,
Wee'le make a solemne wager on your cunnings,
I hate, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue prefard him
A Chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chaunce escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyse?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they follow; your Sisters drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd, ô where?

Quee. There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brooke
That shoues his horry leaues in the glassy streame,
Therewith fantastique garlands did she make
Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daises, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name,
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her coronet weedes

M.

Clambring

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The enuious sprig broke, into the brooke she fell,
 And for a while her clothes spread wide abroade,
 Bore the yong Lady vp: and there she late smiling,
 Euen Mermaide-like, twixt heauen and earth,
 Chaunting olde fundry tunes vncapable
 As it were of her distresse, but long it could not be,

Till that her clothes, being heauy with their drinke,
 Dragg'd the sweete wretch to death.

Lear. So, she is drownde:

Too much of water hast thou *Ofelia*,
 Therefore I will not drowne thee in my teares,
 Reuenge it is must yeeld this heart releefe,
 For woe begets woe, and grieve hangs on grieve. *exeunt.*

enter Clowne and an other.

Clowne I say no, she ought not to be buried
 In christian buriall.

2. Why fir?

Clowne Mary because shee's drown'd.

2. But she did not drowne her selfe.

Clowne No, that's certaine, the water drown'd her.

2. Yea but it was against her will.

Clowne No, I deny that, for looke you fir, I stand here,

If

Prince of Denmarke.

Clambring to hang, an enuious flouer broke,
 When downe her weedy trophies and her selfe
 Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spread wide,
 And Marmaide like awhile they bore her vp,
 Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,
 As one incapable of her owne distresse,
 Or like a creature native and indew'd
 Vnto that element, but long it could not be
 Till that her garments heauy with theyr drinke,
 Puld the poore wretch from her melodious lay
 To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then she is drown'd.

Quee. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
 And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
 It is our trick, nature her custome holds,
 Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
 The woman will be out. Adieu my Lord,
 I haue a speech a fire that faine would blase,
 But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*

King. Let's follow *Gertrard*,
 How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
 Now feare I this will giue it start againe,
 Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clowne. Is shee to be buried in Christian buriall, when she wilfully
 seekes her owne saluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, therefore make her graue straight, the crow-
 ner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clowne. How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd herselfe in her owne
 defence.

Other. Why tis found so.

Clowne. It must be so offended, it cannot be els, for heere lyes the
 poyn't, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, & an act hath
 three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; she drown'd her
 selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clowne. Giue mee leaue, here lyes the water, good, here stands the
 man.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

If the water come to me, I drowne not my selfe:
But if I goe to the water, and am there drown'd,
Ergo I am guiltie of my owne death:
Y'are gone, goe y'are gone fir.

2. I but see, she hath christian buriall,
Because she is a great woman.

Clowne Mary more's the pittie, that great folke
Should haue more authoritie to hang or drowne
Themselues, more than other people:

Goe fetch me a slope of drinke, but before thou
Goest, tell me one thing, who buildes strongest,
Of a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

2. Why a Mason, for he buildes all of stone,
And will indure long.

Clowne That's preety, too't agen, too't agen.

2. Why then a Carpenter, for he buildes the gallies,
And that brings many a one to his long home.

Clowne Preety agen, the gallies does well, many howe
does it well? the gallies does well to them that are ill,
goe get thee gone:

And if any one aske thee hereafter, say,
A Grave-maker, for the houses he buildes
Last till Doomes-day. Fetch me a sloop of beere, yae.

Exit

Prince of Denmarke.

man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himselfe, it is will he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, & drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clowne. I marry i't, Crowners quest law.

Other. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beene a gentlewoman, she should haue been buried out a christian buriall.

Clowne. Why there thou sayst, and the more pittie that great folke should haue countnaunce in this world to drowne or hang theselues, more then they euen Christen: Come my spade, there is no auncient gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Grauemakers, they hold vp Adams profesion.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

Clowne. A was the first that euer bore Armes.

He put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe.

Other. Goe to.

Clow. What is he that builds stronger then eyther the Mason, the Shypwright, or the Carpenter.

Other. The gallowes maker, for that out-liues a thousand tenants.

Clowne. I like thy wit well in good fayth, the gallowes dooes well, but howe dooes it well? It dooes well to those that do ill, nowe thou doost ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argall, the gallowes may doo well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. VVho buildes stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter.

Clowne. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Other. Marry now I can tell.

Clowne. Too't.

Other. Masse I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull asse will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question next, say a graue-maker, the houses hee makes lasts till Doomesday. Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a soope of liquer.

In youth when I did loue did loue, *Song.*

Me thought it was very sweet

To contract o the time for a my behoue,

O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

M 2.

Enter

*The Tragedie of Hamlet**Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

Clowne A picke-axe and a spade,
 A spade for and a winding sheete,
 Most fit it is, for t'will be made, *he throwes vp a shouel.*
 For such a gheft most meete.

Ham. Hath this fellow any feeling of himselfe,
 That is thus merry in making of a graue?
 See how the flaue joles their heads against the earth.

Hor. My lord, Custome hath made it in him seeme no-

Clowne A pick-axe and a spade, a spade, (thing.
 For and a winding sheete,
 Most fit it is for to be made,
 For such a gheft most meet.

Ham. Looke you, there's another *Horatio*.
 Why mai't not be the scull of some Lawyer?
 Me thinkes he should indite that fellow
 Of an action of Batterie, for knocking
 Him about the pate with's shouel: now where is your
 Quirkes and quilletts now, your vouchers and
 Double vouchers, your leases and free-holde,
 And tenements? why that same boxe there will scarce
 Holde the conueiance of his land, and must
 The honor lie there? O pittifull transformance!
 I prethee tell me *Horatio*,

Is parchuent made of sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lorde, and of calues-skinnes too.

Ham. Ifaith they prooue themselues sheepe and calues
 That deale with them, or put their trust in them.
 There's another, why may not that be such a ones
 Scull, that praised my Lord such a ones horse,
 When he meant to beg him? *Horatio*, I prethee

Lets

*Prince of Denmarke.**Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

Ham. Has this fellowe no feeling of his bufines ? a fings in graue-making.

Hora. Custome hath made it in him a propertie of easines.

Ham. Tis een so, the hand of little imploiment hath the dintier sence

Clow. But age with his stealing steppes *Song.*

hath clawed me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the land,

as if I had neuer been such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if twere Caines iawbone, that did the first murder, this might be the pate of a pollitician, which this affe now ore-reaches ; one that would circumuent God, might it not ?

Hora. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow sweet lord, how doost thou sweet lord ? This might be my Lord such a one, that praised my lord such a ones horse when a went to beg it, might it not ?

Hor. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt about the masse with a Sextens spade ; heere's fine reuolution and we had the tricke to see't, did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them : mine ake to thinke on't.

Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade, *Song.*

for and a shrowding sheet,

O a pit of Clay for to be made

for such a guest is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer, where be his quiddities now, his quillites, his cases, his tenurs, and his tricks ? why dooes he suffer this madde knaue now to knocke him about the sconce with a durtie shouell, and will not tell him of his action of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statuts, his recognifances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durty, will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases & doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures ? The very conueyances of his Lands will scarcely lye in this box, & must th'inheritor himselfe haue no more, ha.

Hora. Not a iot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of sheepe-skinnes ?

Hora.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Lets question yonder fellow.

Now my friend, whose graue is this?

Clowne Mine fir.

Ham. But who must lie in it? (fir.

Clowne If I should say, I should, I should lie in my throat

Ham. What man must be buried here?

Clowne No man fir.

Ham. What woman?

Clowne. No woman neither fir, but indeede

One that was a woman.

Ham. An excellent fellow by the Lord *Horatio*,
This seauen yeares haue I noted it : the toe of the pefant,
Comes so neere the heele of the courtier,
That hee gawles his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing,
[See p. II 87] How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rots?

Clowne I faith fir, if hee be not rotten before
He be laide in, as we haue many pocky corfes,
He will last you, eight yeares, a tanner
Will last you eight yeares full out, or nine.

Ham. And why a tanner?

Clowne Why his hide is so tanned with his trade,
That it will holde out water, that s a parlous
Deuourer of your dead body, a great foaker.
Looke you, heres a scull hath bin here this dozen yeare,
Let me see, I euer since our last king *Hamlet*
Slew *Fortenbrasse* in combat, yong *Hamlets* father,
Hee that's mad.

Ham. I mary, how came he madde?

Clowne Ifaith very strangely, by loosing of his wittes.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clowne A this ground, in *Denmarke*.

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes to.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues which seeke out affurance in that, I wil speake to this fellow. Whose graue's this firra ?

Clow. Mine fir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou lyest in't.

Clow. You lie out ont fir, and therefore tis not yours ; for my part I doe not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doost lie in't to be in't & say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clow. Tis a quicke lye fir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doost thou digge it for ?

Clow. For no man fir.

Ham. What woman then ?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't ?

Clow. One that was a woman fir, but rest her soule shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeeres I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the pefant coms so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long hast thou been Graue-maker ?

Clow. Of the dayes i'th yere I came too't that day that our last king *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortenbrasse*.

Ham. How long is that since ?

Clow. Cannot you tell that ? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne : he that is mad and sent into *England*. [See p. 87 I]

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into *England* ?

Clow. Why because a was mad : a shall recouer his wits there, or if a doo not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why ?

Clow. Twill not be seene in him there, there the men are as mad

Ham. How came he mad ? (as hee.

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely ?

Clow. Fayth eene with loofing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground ?

Clow. Why heere in *Denmarke* : I haue been Sexten heere man and boy thirty yeeres.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

[See p. II 86]

Ham. Where is he now?

Clowne Why now they sent him to *England*.

Ham. To *England*! wherefore?

Clowne Why they say he shall haue his wittes there,
Or if he haue not, 't is no great matter there,
It will not be seene there.

Ham. Why not there?

Clowne Why there they say the men are as mad as he.

Ham. Whose scull was this?

Clowne This, a plague on him, a madde rogues it was,

He powred once a whole flagon of Rhenish of my head,
Why do not you know him? this was one *Yoricke's* scull.

Ham. Was this? I prethee let me see it, alas poore *Yoricke*

I knew him *Horatio*,

A fellow of infinite mirth, he hath caried mee twenty times
vpon his backe, here hung those lippes that I haue Kissed a
hundred times, and to see, now they abhorre me : Wheres
your iests now *Yoricke*? your flashes of meriment : now go
to my Ladies chamber , and bid her paint her selfe an inch
thicke , to this she must come *Yoricke*. *Horatio* , I prethee

tell me one thing, doost thou thinke that *Alexander* looked
thus?

Hor. Euen so my Lord.

Ham. And smelt thus?

Hor. I my lord, no otherwise.

Ham. No, why might not imagination worke, as thus of

Alexander, Alexander died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander*
became earth, of earth we make clay, and *Alexander* being
but clay, why might not time bring it to passe, that he might
stoppe

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot ?

[See p. 86 I]

Clow. Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many poc-kie corfes, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you som eyght yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will last you nine yeere.

Ham. Why he more then another ?

Clow. Why fir, his hide is so tand with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while ; & your water is a fore decayer of your whorson dead body, heer's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeeres.

Ham. Whose was it ?

Clow. A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was ?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A peffilence on him for a madde rogue, a poured a flagon of Renish on my head once ; this same skull fir, was fir *Yoricks* skull, the Kings Iester.

Ham. This ?

Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite iest, of most excellent fancie, hee hath bore me on his backe a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge rises at it. Heere hung those lypes that I haue kist I know not howe oft, where be your gibes now ? your gamboles, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she must come, make her laugh at that.

Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my Lord ?

Ham. Dooft thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth ?

Hora. Een so.

Ham. And smelt so pah.

Hora. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what bafe vfes wee may returne *Horatio* ? Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, till a find it stopping a bunghole ?

Hor. Twere to confider too curiously to confider so.

Ham. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty enough, and likelihood to leade it. *Alexander* dyed, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth vvee make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might they

The Tragedie of Hamlet

stoppe the bounge hole of a beere barrell?
 Imperious *Cæsar* dead and turnd to clay,
 Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the winde away.

*Enter King and Queene, Leartes, and other lordes,
 with a Priest after the coffin.*

Ham. What funerall's this that all the Court laments?
 It shews to be some noble parentage:

Stand by a while.

Lear What ceremony else? say, what ceremony else?

Priest My Lord, we haue done all that lies in vs,
 And more than well the church can tolerate,
 She hath had a Dirge sung for her maiden soule:
 And but for fauour of the king, and you,
 She had been buried in the open fieldes,

Where now she is allowed christian buriall.

Lear. So, I tell thee churlish Priest, a ministring Angell
 shall my sifter be, when thou liest howling.

Ham. The faire *Ofelia* dead!

Queene Sweetes to the sweete, farewell:

I had thought to adorne thy bridale bed, faire maide,
 And not to follow thee vnto thy graue.

Lear.

Prince of Denmarke.

they not stoppe a Beare-barrell ?
 Imperious *Cæsar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,
 Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.
 O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
 Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.
 But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,
 The Queene, the Courtiers, who is this thay follow ?
 And with such maimed rites ? this doth betoken,
 The corse they follow, did with desprat hand
 Foredoe it owne life, twas of some estate,
 Couch we awhile and marke.

*Enter K. 2.
 Laertes and
 the corse.*

Laer. What Ceremonie els ?

Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, marke.

Laer. What Ceremonie els ?

Doct. Her obsequies haue been as farre inlarg'd
 As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
 And but that great commaund ore-swayes the order,
 She should in ground vnfanctified been lodg'd
 Till the last trumpet : for charitable prayers,
 Flints and peebles should be throwne on her :
 Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Crants,
 Her mayden strewments, and the bringing home
 Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be doone ?

Doct. No more be doone.

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,
 To sing a Requiem and such rest to her
 As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
 And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh
 May Violets spring : I tell thee churlish Priest,
 A ministring Angell shall my sister be
 When thou lye'st howling.

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*.

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
 I hop't thou should'st haue been my *Hamlets* wife,
 I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,
 And not haue strew'd thy graue.

Laer. O treble woe

Fall

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Lear. Forbeare the earth a while: sifter farewell:

*Lear*tes leapes into the graue.

Now powre your earth on, *Olympus* hie,

And make a hill to o're top olde *Pellon*:

Whats he that coniures so?

Hamlet leapes
in after *Lear*tes

Ham. Beholde tis I, *Hamlet* the Dane.

Lear. The diuell take thy foule.

Ham. O thou praieft not well,

I prethee take thy hand from off my throat,

For there is something in me dangerous,

Which let thy wisedome feare, holde off thy hand:

I lou'de *Ofelia* as deere as twenty brothers could:
Shew me what thou wilt doe for her:

Wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt pray,

Wilt drinke vp vessels, eate a crocadile? Ile doot:

Com'ft thou here to whine?

And where thou talk'ft of burying thee a liue,

Here let vs stand: and let them throw on vs,

Whole hills of earth, till with the heighth therof,

Make

Prince of Denmarke.

Fall tenne times double on that curfed head,
 Whose wicked deede thy moft ingenious fence
 Deprived thee of, hold off the earth a while,
 Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;
 Now pile your duft vpon the quicke and dead,
 Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
 To'retop old *Pelion*, or the skyesh head
 Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he whose grieve
 Beares fuch an emphesis, whose phrafe of sorrow
 Coniures the wandring ftarres, and makes them ftand
 Like wonder wounded hearers : this is I
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy foule.

Ham. Thou pray'ft not well, I prethee take thy fingers
 For though I am not spleenitiue rafh, (from my throat,
 Yet haue I in me fomething dangerous,
 Which let thy wifedome feare; hold off thy hand,

King. Pluck them a funder.

Quee. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

All. Gentlemen.

Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame
 Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Quee. O my fonne, what theame?

Ham. I loued *Ophelia*, forty thoufand brothers
 Could not with all theyr quantitie of loue
 Make vp my fumme. What wilt thou doo for her.

King. O he is mad *Laertes*.

Quee. For loue of God forbear him.

Ham. S'wounds shew me what th'owt doe :

Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't faft, woo't teare thy felfe,
 Woo't drinke vp *Efill*, eate a *Crocodile*?
 Ile doo't, dooft come heere to whine?
 To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
 Be buried quicke with her, and fo will I.
 And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
 Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground
 Sindging his pate againft the burning Zone

Make

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Make Oosfell as a Wart.

King. Forbeare *Leartes*, now is hee mad, as is the sea,

Anone as milde and gentle as a Doue:
Therefore a while giue his wilde humour scope.

Ham. What is the reason fir that you wrong mee thus?
I neuer gaue you cause: but stand away,

A Cat will meaw, a Dog will haue a day.

Exit Hamlet and Horatio.

Queene. Alas, it is his madnes makes him thus,
And not his heart, *Leartes*.

King. My lord, t'is so: but wee'le no longer trifle,
This very day shall *Hamlet* drinke his last,
For presently we meane to send to him,
Therefore *Leartes* be in readynes.

Lear. My lord, till then my foule will not bee quiet.

King. Come *Gertred*, wee'l haue *Leartes*, and our sonne,
Made friends and Louers, as befittes them both,
Euen as they tender vs, and loue their countrie.

Queene God grant they may. *exeunt omnes.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. beleeue mee, it greeues mee much *Horatio*,
That to *Leartes* I forgot my selfe:
For by my selfe me thinkes I feele his grieffe,
Though there's a difference in each others wrong.

Enter

Prince of Denmarke.

Make Offa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouthe,
Ile rant as well as thou.

Quee. This is mere madnesse,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as the female Doue
When that her golden cuplets are disclosed
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Heare you sir,
What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may
The Cat will mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit Hamlet*

King. I pray thee good *Horatio* waite vpon him. *and Horatio.*
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Weele put the matter to the present push:
Good *Gertrard* set some watch ouer your sonne,
This graue shall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thirtie shall we see
Till then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this sir, now shall you see the other,
You doe remember all the circumstance.

Hora. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir in my hart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleepe, my thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the bilbo, rashly,
And prayd be rashnes for it: let vs knowe,
Our indiscretion sometimes serues vs well
When our deepe plots doe pall, & that should learne vs
Ther's a diuinity that shapeth our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Hora. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin,
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke
Gropt I to find out them, had my desire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold
N.

My

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[I

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Prince of Denmarke.

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
 Their graund commiffion ; where I found *Horatio*
 A royall knauery, an exact command
 Larded with many feuerall forts of reaſons,
 Importing Denmarkes health, and *Englands* to,
 With hoe ſuch bugges and goblins in my life,
 That on the ſuperuife no leaſure bated,
 No not to ſtay the grinding of the Axe,
 My head ſhould be ſtrooke off.

Hora. I't poſſible ?

Ham. Heeres the commiſſion, reade it at more leaſure,
 But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hora. I beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villaines,
 Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
 They had begunne the play, I fat me downe,
 Deuiſed a new commiſſion, wrote it faire,
 I once did hold it as our ſtatifts doe,
 A baſeneſſe to write faire, and labourd much
 How to forget that learning, but ſir now
 It did me yemans ſeruice, wilt thou know
 Th'effect of what I wrote ?

Hora. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earneſt coniuration from the King,
 As *England* was his faithfull tributary,
 As loue betweene them like the palme might florish,
 As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland weare
 And ſtand a Comma tweene their amities,
 And many ſuch like, as ſir of great charge,
 That on the view, and knowing of theſe contents,
 Without debatement further more or leſſe,
 He ſhould thoſe bearers put to ſuddaine death,
 Not ſhriuing time alow'd.

Hora. How was this ſeald ?

Ham. Why euen in that was heauen ordinant,
 I had my fathers ſignet in my purſe
 Which was the modill of that Daniſh ſeale,
 Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other
 Subſcribe it, gau't th'imprefſion, plac'd it ſafely,

The

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter a Bragart Gentleman.

Horatio,but marke yon water-flie,
The Court knowes him,but hee knowes not the Court.

Gent. Now God saue thee,sweete prince *Hamlet*.

Ham. And you fir: foh, how the muske-cod fmels!

Gen. I come with an embassage from his maiesty to you

Ham. I shall fir giue you attention:

By my troth me thinkes t is very colde.

Gent. It is indeede very rawith colde.

Ham. T'is hot me thinkes.

Gent. Very fwoltery hote:

The King, sweete Prince, hath layd a wager on your side,

Prince of Denmarke.

The changling neuer knowne : now the next day
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

Hora. So *Guyldensterne* and *Rosencraus* goe too't.

Ham. They are not neere my conscience, their defeat
Dooes by their owne insinuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betweene the paffe and fell incenced points
Of mighty opposits.

Hora. Why what a King is this !

Ham. Dooes it not thinke thee stand me now vpon ?
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cufnage, i't not perfect conscience ?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Denmarke.

Ham. I humble thanke you sir.

Dooft know this water fly ?

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him,
He hath much land and fertill : let a beaft be Lord of beasts, and his
crib shall stand at the Kings messe, tis a chough, but as I say, spacious
in the possession of durt.

Cour. Sweete Lord, if your Lordshippe were at leasure, I should
impart a thing to you from his Maiestie.

Ham. I will receaue it sir withall dilligence of spirit, your bonnet
to his right vse, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No belieue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Cour. It is indefferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. But yet methinkes it is very fully and hot, or my complexion.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very foultery, as t'were I cannot
tell how : my Lord his Maiestie bad me signifie to you, that a
has layed a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Cour. Nay good my Lord for my ease in good faith, sir here is newly
com to Court *Laertes*, belieue me an absolute gentlemen, full of most
N 2 excellent

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Six Barbary horse, against six french rapiers,
With all their acoutrements too, a the carriages:
In good faith they are very curiously wrought.

Ham. The carriages sir, I do not know what you meane.

Gent. The girdles, and hangers sir, and such like.

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

excellent differences, of very soft society, and great shewing: indeede to speake fellingly of him, hee is the card or kalender of gentry: for you shall find in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I know to deuide him inuentorially, would dosie th'arithmaticke of memory, and yet but yaw neither in respect of his quick faile, but in the veritie of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great article, & his infusion of such dearth and rarenesse, as to make true dixon of him, his semblable is his mirrour, & who els would trace him, his vmbrage, nothing more.

Cour. Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy sir, why doe we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Ist not possible to vnderstand in another tongue, you will too't sir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

Cour. Of *Laertes*.

Hora. His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him sir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did sir, yet in faith if you did, it would not much approoue me, well sir.

Cour. You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confesse that, least I should compare with him in excellence, but to know a man wel, were to knowe himselfe.

Cour. I meane sir for this weapon, but in the imputation laide on him, by them in his meed, hee's vnfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapier and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Cour. The King sir hath wagerd with him six Barbary hofes, against the which hee has impaund as I take it six French Rapiers and Poynards, with their asignes, as girdle, hanger and so. Three of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very reponfue to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. The worde had beene more cofin german to the phrafe, if he could haue carried the canon by his fide, And howe's the wager? I vnderftand you now.

Gent. Mary fir, that yong Leartes in twelue venies At Rapier and Dagger do not get three oddes of you, And on your fide the King hath laide, And defires you to be in readineffe.

Ham. Very well, if the King dare venture his wager, I dare venture my skull: when muft this be?

Gent. My Lord, prefently, the king, and her maiefty, With the reft of the beft iudgment in the Court, Are comming downe into the outward pallace.

Ham. Goe tell his maieftie, I wil attend him.

Gent. I fhall deliuer your moft sweet answer. *exit.*

Ham. You may fir, none better, for y'are spiced, Elfe he had a bad nofe could not fmell a foole.

Hor. He will difclofe himfelfe without inquirie.

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

done.

Cour. The carriage fir are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would bee more Ierman to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our ſides, I would it be hangers till then, but on, fix Barbry horſes againſt fix French ſwords their aſignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French bet againſt the Daniſh, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The king fir, hath layd fir, that in a dozen paſſes betweene your ſelfe and him, hee ſhall not excede you three hits, hee hath layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordſhippe would vouchſafe the anſwere.

Ham. How if I anſwere no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the oppoſition of your perſon in triall.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, if it pleaſe his Maieſty, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe; I will winne for him and I can, if not, I will gaine nothing but my ſhame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliuer you ſo?

Ham. To this effect fir, after what flouriſh your nature will.

Cour. I commend my duty to your Lordſhippe.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himſelfe, there are no tongues els for's turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runnes away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. A did fir with his dugge before a fuckt it, thus has he and many more of the ſame breede that I know the droſſy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of hiſty colection, which carries them through and through the moſt prophane and trennowed opinions, and doe but blowe them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maieſtie commended him to you by young *Oſtricke*, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, he ſends to know if your pleaſure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am conſtant to my purpoſes, they followe the Kings pleaſure, if his ſignes ſpeakes, mine is ready: now or whenſoeuer, provided I be ſo able as now.

N 3.

Lord.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Beleeue me *Horatio*, my hart is on the sodaine
Very fore, all here about.

Hor. My lord, forbear the challenge then.

Ham. No *Horatio*, not I. if danger be now,
Why then it is not to come, theres a predestiuate prouidence.
in the fall of a sparrow : heere comes the King.

Enter King, Queene, Leartes, Lordes.

King Now sonne *Hamlet*, we hane laid vpon your head,
And make no question but to haue the best.

Ham. Your maiestie hath laide a the weaker fide.

King We doubt it not, deliuer them the foiles.

Ham. Firft *Lear*tes, heere's my hand and loue,
Protesting that I neuer wrongd *Lear*tes.
If *Hamlet* in his madnesse did amisse,
That was not *Hamlet*, but his madnes did it,
And all the wrong I e're did to *Lear*tes,
I here proclaime was madnes, therefore lets be at peace,

And thinke I haue shot mine arrow o're the house

And

Prince of Denmarke.

Lord. The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me.

Hora. You will loose my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I haue bene in continuall practise, I shall winne at the ods; thou would'st not thinke how ill all's heere about my hart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kinde of gamgiuing, as would perhapes trouble a woman.

Hora. If your minde dislike any thing, obay it. I will forstal their repaire hether, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie augury, there is speciall prouidence in the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it well come, the readines is all, since no man of ought he leaues, knowes what ift to leaue betimes, let be.

*A table prepar'd, Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cushions,
King, Queene, and all the state, Foiles, daggers,
and Laertes.*

King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this presence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard, how I am punnisht
With a fore distraction, what I haue done
That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake, I heare proclame was madnesse,
Wait *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes*? neuer *Hamlet*.
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away,
And when hee's not himselfe, dooes wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* dooes it not, *Hamlet* denies it,
Who dooes it then? his madnesse. Ift be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* enemie,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts
That I haue shot my arrowe ore the house

And

The Tragedie of Hamlet

And hurt my brother.

Lear. Sir I am satisfied in nature,

But in termes of honor I'le stand aloofe,
And will no reconcilment,
Till by some elder maisters of our time
I may be satisfied.

King Giue them the foyles.

Ham. I'le be your foyle *Leartes*, these foyles,
Have all a laught, come on fir: *a hit.*

Lear.

Prince of Denmarke.

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am fatisfied in nature,
Whofe motiue in this cafe fhould firre me moft
To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor
I ftand a loofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by fome elder Maifters of knowne honor
I haue a voyce and prefident of peace
To my name vngord: but all that time
I doe receaue your offerd loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
franckly play.
Giue vs the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill fhall like a ftarre i'th darkeft night
Stick fiery of indeed.

Laer. You mocke me fir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the foiles young *Oſtricke*, coſin *Hamlet*,
You knowe the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord.

Your grace has layed the ods a'th weeker fide.

King. I doe not feare it, I haue ſeene you both,
But ſince he is better, we haue therefore ods.

Laer. This is to heauy: let me ſee another.

Ham. This likes me well, theſe foiles haue all a length.

Oſtr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the ſtoopes of wine vpon that table,
If *Hamlet* giue the firſt or ſecond hit,
Or quit in anſwere of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The King ſhall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the cup an Vnice ſhall he throwe,
Richer then that which foure ſucceſſiue Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne: giue me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet ſpeake,
The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
The Cannons to the heauens, the heauen to earth,

Now

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Lear. No none.

Here they play.

Ham. Iudgement.

Gent. A hit, a most palpable hit.

Lear. Well, come againe.

They play againe.

Ham. Another. Iudgement.

Lear. I, I grant, a tuch, a tuch.

King Here *Hamlet*, the king doth drinke a health to thee

Queene Here *Hamlet*, take my napkin, wipe thy face.

King Giue him the wine.

Ham. Set it by, I'le haue another bowt firft,
I'le drinke anone.

Queene Here *Hamlet*, thy mother drinckes to thee.

Shee drinckes.

King Do not drinke *Gertred* : O t'is the poyfined cup!

Ham. *Leartes* come, you dally with me,
I pray you paffe with your most cunningft play.

Lear. Il ſay you ſo? haue at you,
Ile hit you now my Lord:
And yet it goes almoſt againſt my conſcience.

Ham. Come on fir.

*They catch one anothers Rapiers, and both are wounded,
Learthes falles downe, the Queene falles downe and dies.*

King

Prince of Denmarke.

Now the King drinke to *Hamlet*, come beginne. *Trumpets
the while.*
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.

Ham. Come on fir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Iudgement.

Ostrick. A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, trumpets and shot.*

Laer. Well, againe. *Florish, a peece goes off.*

King. Stay, giue me drinke, *Hamlet* this pearle is thine.

Heeres to thy health : giue him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout firft, fet it by a while

Come, another hit. What fay you ?

Laer. I doe confeft.

King. Our sonne fhall winne.

Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.

Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes,

The Queene carowfes to thy fortune *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. *Gertrard* doe not drinke.

Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poyfned cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.

Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I doe not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almoft againft my confcience.

Ham. Come for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally.

I pray you paffe with your beft violence

I am fure you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you fo, come on.

Ostr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Haue at you now.

King. Part them, they are incenft.

Ham. Nay come againe.

Ostr. Looke to the Queene there howe.

Hora. They bleed on both fides, how is it my Lord ?

Ostr. How ift *Laertes*?

Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne fpringe *Ostrick*

The Tragedie of Hamlet

King Looke to the Queene.

Queene O the drinke, the drinke, *Hamlet*, the drinke.

Ham. Treason, ho, keepe the gates.

Lords How ist my Lord *Leartes*?

Lear. Euen as a coxcombe should,
Foolishly slaine with my owne weapon:
Hamlet, thou hast not in thee halfe an houre of life,
The fatall Instrument is in thy hand.
Vnbated and invenomed: thy mother's poyfined
That drinke was made for thee.

Ham. The poyfined Instrument within my hand?
Then venome to thy venome, die damn'd villaine:
Come drinke, here lies thy vnion here. *The king dies.*

Lear. O he is iustly serued:
Hamlet, before I die, here take my hand,
And withall, my loue : I do forgiue thee. *Leartes dies.*

Ham. And I thee, O I am dead *Horatio*, fare thee well.

Hor. No, I am more an antike Roman,
Then a Dane, here is some poison left.
Ham. Vpon my loue I charge thee let it goe,

Prince of Denmarke.

I am iustly kild with mine owne treachery.

Ham. How dooes the Queene?

King. Shee sounds to see them bleed.

Quee. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, ô my deare *Hamlet*,
The drinke the drinke, I am poyfined.

Ham. O villaine, how let the doore be lock't,
Treachery, feeke it out.

Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*, thou art flaine,
No medcin in the world can doe thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous instrument is in my hand
Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule praëtise
Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe heere I lie
Neuer to rise againe, thy mother's poyfined,
I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.

Ham. The point inuenom'd to, then venome to thy worke.

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heare thou incestious damned Dane,
Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?
Follow my mother.

Laer. He is iustly serued, it is a poyson temperd by himselfe,
Exchange forgiuenesse with me noble *Hamlet*,
Mine and my fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this aët,
Had I but time, as this fell sergeant Death
Is strict in his arrest, ô I could tell you,
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou liuest, report me and my cause a right
To the vnsatisfied.

Hora. Neuer believe it;
I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,
Heere's yet some liquer left.

Ham. As th'art a man
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,
O.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

O fie *Horatio*, and if thou shouldst die,
 What a scandale wouldst thou leaue behinde?
 What tongue should tell the story of our deaths,
 If not from thee? O my heart finckes *Horatio*,
 Mine eyes haue lost their sight, my tongue his vse:
 Farewel *Horatio*, heauen receiue my soule. *Ham. dies.*

Enter Voltemar and the Ambassadors from England.

enter Fortenbrasse with his traine.

Fort. Where is this bloudy fight?

Hor. If aught of woe or wonder you'd behold,
 Then looke vpon this tragicke spectacle.

Fort. O imperious death! how many Princes
 Haft thou at one draft bloudily shot to death? *(land,*

Ambass. Our ambassie that we haue brought from *Eng-*
 Where be these Princes that should heare vs speake?
 O most vnlooked for time! vnhappy country.

Hor.

Prince of Denmarke.

O god *Horatio*, what a wounded name
 Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leaue behind me?
 If thou did'st euer hold me in thy hart,
 Absent thee from felicity a while,
 And in this harsh world drawe thy breath in paine *A march a*
 To tell my story : what warlike noise is this ? *farre off.*

Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. Young *Fortenbrasse* with conquest, come from Poland,
 To th'embassadors of *England* giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O I die *Horatio*,
 The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,
 I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*,
 But I doe prophecie th'ellection lights
 On *Fortinbrasse*, he has my dying voyce,
 So tell him, with th'occurrants more and lesse
 Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.

Hora. Now cracks a noble hart, good night sweete Prince,
 And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest.
 Why does the drum come hether ?

Enter Fortenbrasse, with the Embassadors.

For. Where is this fight ?

Hora. What is it you would see ?
 If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

For. This quarry cries on hauock, ô prou'd death
 What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,
 That thou so many Princes at a shot
 So bloudily hast strook ?

Embas. The sight is dismall
 And our affaires from *England* come too late,
 The eares are sencelesse that should giue vs hearing,
 To tell him his commandment is fulfilld,
 That *Rosencraus* and *Guyldensterne* are dead,
 Where should we haue our thankses ?

Hora. Not from his mouth
 Had it th'ability of life to thanke you ;
 He neuer gaue commandement for their death ;
 But since so iump vpon this bloody question

You

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Hor. Content your selues, Ile shew to all, the ground,
The first beginning of this Tragedy:
Let there a scaffold be rearde vp in the market place,
And let the State of the world be there:
Where you shall heare such a sad story tolde,
That neuer mortall man could more vnfolde.

Fort. I haue some rights of memory to this kingdome,
Which now to claime my leifure doth inuite mee:

Let foure of our chiefeft Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to his graue:
For he was likely, had he liued,
To a prou'd most royall.

Take vp the bodie, such a fight as this
Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amisse.

Finis

Prince of Denmarke.

You from the *Pollack* warres, and you from *England*
 Are heere arriued, giue order that these bodies
 High on a stage be placed to the view,
 And let me speake, to yet vnknowing world
 How these things came about ; so shall you heare
 Of carnall, bloody and vnnaturall acts,
 Of accidentall iudgments, casuall slaughters,
 Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause
 And in this vphot, purposes mistooke,
 Falne on th'inuenter's heads: all this can I
 Truly deliuer.

For. Let vs haft to heare it,
 And call the noblest to the audience,
 For me, with sorrowe I embrace my fortune,
 I haue some rights, of memory in this kingdome,
 Which now to clame my vantage doth inuite me.

Hora. Of that I shall haue also cause to speake,
 And from his mouth, whose voyce will drawe no more,
 But let this same be presently perform'd
 Euen while mens mindes are wilde, least more mischance
 On plots and errores happen.

For. Let foure Captaines
 Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to the stage,
 For he was likely, had he beene put on,
 To haue prooued most royall ; and for his passage,
 The souldiers musicke and the right of warre
 Speake loudly for him :
 Take vp the bodies, such a sight as this,
 Becomes the field, but heere shoves much amisse.
 Goe bid the souldier's shoote. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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